

Maine Farmer

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Maine Farmer.

The United States produces more corn than all other countries put together, and the only reason more is not grown is for the want of a market.

It is said that Prof. C. W. Dabney, Jr., of Tennessee, Director of the State Experiment Station, is likely to get the appointment of assistant Secretary of Agriculture.

There were several Poland China hogs on exhibition at the World's Fair live stock show that weighed eight hundred pounds and over each. So large hogs, however, are not profitable to the feeder.

We last week referred to the favorable condition of the butter market. The *Elgin* (Ill.) *Dairy Report* of recent date, remarks: "Where the butter for winter use is to come from is a problem we are not able to solve. With only a moderate supply in cold storage and no reserves to draw from it looks like 35 to 45 cent butter this winter."

Dr. Hoskins says that of the hundreds of varieties of apples that he has experimented with, he never has found but one that is really and truly an annual bearer—that is, giving as good a crop one year as another. This is the Longfield, one of the Russian apples. It is a strong and rapid grower, early and profuse bearer. The flesh is white and quality about as good as the Fameuse, though of a different flavor.

The Olden Fruit Company, Howell county, Mo., has the largest orchard in the West—nearly 200,000 trees—and it receives the most perfect care. Thirty men are sometimes employed for weeks thinning young fruit. A merchant in Memphis, Tenn., bought their apple crop of 3000 barrels in 1892 at \$3 a barrel at the orchard. Fruit growing in Missouri is a late thing most of the trees having been set within ten years.

We still see some of the horticultural papers, that ought to know better, advocating the long ago exploded idea of "sweating" apples in heaps before storing away for keeping. All the sweating that apples ever undergo is caused by change of temperature, and it is now well known that this should be provided against as completely as practicable. There is no better practice than to remove the fruit at once after picking to a cool cellar where a cold and even temperature can be maintained. There will be no sweating, and none is wanted.

WHAT NEXT.

The cattle shows and fairs, large and small, are now all over for the season. These have generally been successful in a broad sense, and have afforded an opportunity for farmers and their families to assemble and give attention to agricultural affairs in general as well as to meet socially with their associates in the business. This serves to draw them out from their individuality, broaden their minds, expand their knowledge and give pleasure to the life on the farm.

But, these occasions have passed by for the season, the harvests of the year are gathered in, the long evenings are with us, the stormy days will soon be along. With the active farm work closed by the season there comes more of leisure for the farmer, more of time that may be spent otherwise than in the confining demands of the productive season. How shall this time be spent?

There is still left the Grange with its prescribed work and regular meetings. Every farmer and his family will find it to their advantage to take an active part in its work. The benefits are many while the demand upon their time is no more than can properly and profitably be rendered to such work. The influence for good of a well conducted Grange where all hands band themselves together in its legitimate work, can hardly be estimated.

But there are snatches of time, hours of leisure, long evenings in the coming months on the farm which should not and need not be lost time. There is always room for a farmer to learn. His business is never mastered. This time can all be improved to advantage by reading and by a study of the different branches of work he is called upon to carry on. As a source of information, as a stimulant to research and investigation, there is nothing equal to the *agricultural paper*. In it from time to time is brought out all the phases of the farming of the locality it aims to cover, all the best practices known to the most successful farmers, all of the latest knowledge pertaining to the business, all of the advances made in the investigations going on in its behalf. If any point important to the individual is omitted it may be called out at any time by the interested party. There is no other such education available to the farmer.

And it comes in a form completely adapted to fit into the niches of time, occasional hours of leisure, unemployed winter evenings left to every farmer. The agricultural paper, then, is a necessity. It should be read and studied by every farmer. Cheap as it is, there is nothing its equal as an educator to the farmer. This with the Grange will enable the farmer and his family to fill up

the spare time of the coming months and with profit to themselves and with advantage to the future work of the farm.

SWEET CORN ON COMMERCIAL MANURE.

Editor Maine Farmer: I have a neighbor who thinks of planting four acres of sweet corn next year, in a field one mile back. He came here from Montana last year, and has very little manure, and wants that on the front field. Now, he wants to know how much phosphate he had better put on per acre, and the best mode of applying it. Please answer through the *Farmer*.

Skeohogan. R. W. HOMESTED.
Sweet corn can be ordinarily grown at a profit on commercial manures, if the manure is well bought, and the work rightly done. But no one should for a moment make the mistake of supposing that the margin above cost will be anything like what it is when the farmer can go to his barn cellar and cart out the needed supply of manure with no outlay of purchase money.

In this state if land is plowed for corn, (or any other crop), the supposition is that it is "run out," or quite reduced in productiveness. In this case much more fertilizer is required to produce a crop than would be needed with land already rich. On such land not less than a half ton to the acre could be expected to make a crop, three hundred pounds applied in the drill when planting, and the rest applied broadcast and worked thoroughly into the surface soil.

Land manured with concentrated manures must be thoroughly firmed and frequently and persistently worked. It is well known that when an application of farm manure is made to the land chemical action takes place that fines the particles, mellows and pulverizes the soil, thus fitting it for the better growth of the plants. In the application of commercial manures, as usually prepared, there is no such action following. The fine particles, the mellowing and the pulverization in this case must be done by the farmer. And it cannot be omitted or restricted without detriment to the crop. Thorough and complete work must go with the use of concentrated manures in order to insure successful results.

Buy the fertilizer for cash of manufacturers, and get the advantage of lowest possible prices. Every dollar saved here is just so much added to the margin of profit on the operation. This is none too wide when careful business management is applied throughout.

MORE MAINE GRAPES.

Since the article on "Maine Grapes," published in our last issue, we have received a box of samples of several of the new varieties from Mr. S. G. Shurtleff, a successful amateur small fruit grower of South Livermore, with the following letter accompanying it:

SOUTH LIVERMORE, Oct. 9, 1893.
Mr. Gilbert: Dear Sir: I see you call for information concerning the Green Mountain grape. I send you a sample of that grape (white), the Moyer (purple), the Jewell (small black), and Moore's Early (large black). The first three are new, and recommended as very early. Green Mountain ripened about Sept. 20, ten days at least before Moore's Early. Moyer ripened about Sept. 28, and Jewell and Moore's Early Oct. 5. Green Mountain is what it has been recommended for quality and earliness, is vigorous and apparently productive, as on my small vine I picked off many clusters early to prevent overbearing. It was ripe before any other grape of twelve varieties. I send you all the specimens I have now left. Moyer is also quite promising. Yours,

S. G. SHURTLEFF.

The samples came to us in good order. The Green Mountain is a small grape, but deliciously sweet with thin skin and molting pulp. The Moyer is a larger grape, quite sweet, but more pulp than the Green Mountain. The Jewell is small, about the size of Green Mountain, and with a foxy flavor like the Northern Muscadine. The Moore's Early is well known as a seedling of the Concord, which it closely resembles, save that it is probably a few days earlier.

Mr. Shurtleff has our thanks for the samples and for the information given in his letter.

STATE GRANGE.

The twentieth annual session of the State Grange is to be held at Dover, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 19th-21st. The Patrons of Piscataquis county will give it a cordial reception, and do all in their power for its full success. First class hotel accommodations will be furnished at the Blethen House and the Foxcroft Exchange. This session will be of importance to the work of the order, since the biennial election of officers occurs at this time, and naturally much of interest as well as importance to the welfare of the order attaches to the action taken. There is likely to be a full representation of the subordinate Granges present at the meeting.

Dr. Frederick A. Cook, who was with the late Peary expedition, and has just been doing some summer exploration in Greenland on his own account, anticipates great results from Peary's present journey. He thinks it will add many miles to the Northern limit of exploration, and that it is quite possible the pole will be reached.

EARLY OR LATE FAIRS.

In view of the marked success of the Kennebec, Franklin and Sagadahoc cattle shows and fairs and also of other of the later exhibitions, the question of early or late fairs seems to be an open one and one that may well receive the thoughtful consideration of all who are in any way connected with or interested in these annual exhibitions. Of late there has been shown a tendency toward early exhibitions, although the fact still remains that the late exhibitions are quite as successful as formerly and we claim even more complete in their combined exhibits than the early shows.

Of course fair managers or societies, as the case may be, have what is to them good and sufficient reasons for coming down into the earlier dates with their exhibition. While holding views not in full accord with such a course, still in no sense would we antagonize such action. But there are strong arguments in support of the later dates, and we would like to have the pros and cons fully discussed in the columns of the *Farmer*. This is an opportune time for such consideration when the business of the late exhibitions is being closed up for the year and all details and all results are fresh in the minds of the officers and exhibitors. Especially would we like to see the reasons for the early exhibitions brought out, and a careful comparison made through a series of years of their success both as exhibitions of the farm industries in full and the finances as well.

That the late exhibitions are successful in drawing out a more complete representation of the all-round farm industries there can be no question. This is proven at the shows. Certainly this interests a class that would not and could not be in at the early shows on account of the date. Witness the grand potato and vegetable exhibit at the Sagadahoc, and especially the highly complimentary exhibits of the boys, in proof of this. Each of these exhibits, if no more than a measure of potatoes, represent an interest from year to year. Hence a wider membership, a more active interest a more complete and a larger exhibition in every department.

Does the early date contribute to this, or has it an influence in the opposite direction? Let us have facts, figures, and reasons for early fairs rather than late. A full discussion of the whole matter cannot fail of benefit to all concerned.

BREEDS AND BREEDING.

Selection, Feed and Care Necessary.

In judging of the value of breeds, one should have some knowledge of how they are formed, if any distinction whatever is to be made in the quality of the breed, or of individuals of it.

All breeds, so far as I have been able to discover, have been formed in a similar, though not identical manner. First, environment produces variation for the better. A mild climate, or rich herbage, or barren land produced changes in some special localities which were quickly discovered by the most observing breeders.

As the wants of man multiplied, and civilization advanced, knowledge was taken of the improvement which was due entirely to environment, and selection was added, and so the foundation of improved breeds was laid. The breeder saw clearly, if he was worthy of the name, that the improved conditions had improved the animals of the foundation stock which he had selected. So he was naturally led to make still further improvements, not only of the surroundings but in the food and care of the animals which he had selected.

As this improvement goes on, some individuals show the effect of it more than others, or they respond more quickly to their changed surroundings. Again, a few of the best are chosen and the work of forming a variety, and later the breed is begun in earnest.

The value of the breed will be contingent upon two things, the foundation stock and the skill of the breeder. One family of the breed may develop faster than others, and become better, as also may the stock of one breeder be some better than that of another, and it is no uncommon thing to find pure bloods of less value than mixed bloods.

Soon the breeder writes the history or genealogy of his stock, and this we call a "pedigree," but usually this pedigree gives us no light as to the performances of the animal. It only tells of sires and dams, grandfathers and granddams. We have done a little in the right direction recently by publishing the performances of individual animals and families. If the foundation stock has been well selected, and the breeder has been skillful, then the breed becomes valuable, because the qualities desired have been secured and made reasonably prominent by causing these qualities to be constantly active. A pedigree a mile long won't make up for the lack of those active qualities. For growth it should be remembered, comes from the activity and multiplication of molecules of matter; the new replaces the old, and if the new particles are provided faster than

the old are worn out, we have growth and surplus. We breed dairy cows to turn this surplus into milk and cream.

Let me repeat that the value of the breed or family is contingent upon the foundation stock and the skill of the breeder, in feed, care and selection. Selection alone does nothing. But if both feed and care have been correct, then the breed or variety has qualities which are wanted. If dairy cattle, then no dairyman can afford to spend a lifetime in trying to form a breed, but should avail himself of the results secured by the successful breeders who have preceded him. He may and should produce a variety, and may lay the foundation of a breed.

The strictly pure blooded animals of the best quality are high priced. No breed can fit perfectly into every condition on but few farms. An infusion of the mixed blooded cattle of any locality is likely to give stamina and vigor to the pure bred, and such stock can be preserved more cheaply and more easily. Therefore, it is safe to advise the farmer to breed a variety of animals to suit his particular locality and wants. He should start with the best of the animals on the dam side which he already has, because these of necessity have in time adapted themselves to the food they have received, the land upon which they have grazed, and the uses to which they have been put, and it is not good policy to introduce animals of different characteristics and qualities without very good and sufficient reasons.

Success lies always in improving that which is already at hand, and I know of no better way than to unite the successes of the plain farmer with his plain bred cattle to those of the more skilled breeder of good-bred animals.

To the man who knows how to use them, the pure breeds are of inestimable value. To the man who is steadily improving his animals, success comes quickly, and he finds that he is not only possessed of grades, but of valuable families of cattle, sheep, swine, etc. To this improver of domestic animals the pure bred animal is a necessity, if he would accomplish his purpose quickly and cheaply.

But the pure-bred, to the man who has plenty of money and little experience, is a snare; to the man who has little money and little experience, the grades and varieties of animals are better than pure bloods. Since all breeds and varieties have been formed by steady and slow advancement, so all valuable qualities in any breed, variety, family or mongrel animals, must be secured by the same slow, painstaking process. The plebeian animal can easily be raised in a few generations to the dignity of a variety, and some of the best specimens will form as good foundation stock for new breeds as those which formed the beginning of the breeds which we already have.

The United States needs a far greater number of breeds; the farmer needs an infinite number of varieties; in fact, every farmer should have a variety of cattle all his own, suited to his pastures, his feed-bin, his skill, his climate and the purposes to which he desires to put them. The cattle should not be better than their owner—in time they will not be.

Writing and publishing a pedigree does not make a good breed or variety. It can best be formed by selecting the best, not only for the foundation stock, but of their progeny through many generations, by weeding out all animals except the superior ones. These in turn are improved by improving their food and surroundings, and by better and more intelligent care and use. They are not formed quickly, but are the product of long and intelligent effort. There is no secret, no miracle performed, but all is governed by law. I am surprised there is no more thought given to the breeding of more varieties, breeds and sub-breeds, each adapted to its particular locality and conditions and owner. Success lies along these lines, and except in exceptional cases they cannot be well secured in any other.

Darwin says, that "of all the factors which produce variation in animals, food is the most potent." Food is the greatest factor we have in the production of variation, and if we desire to improve animals, we must of course try to produce variation, for if no variation occurs, then there can be no advancement. Starting from these fundamental principles we may begin to treat of the methods of feeding and caring for the animals in order to produce variation for the better, or variation which shall result in adapting the animals more perfectly for some definite use or uses.

In order to illustrate, I take the improvement of dairy cattle. Start with the parents, at or just before the time of conception. If the parents are fed and cared for as we usually treat the best of our beef breeds, then we have taken one step toward variation for the worse, because a new quality, beef, has been introduced into the blood of the embryo, and we cannot hope to get as good a dairy calf as we would, had the sire and dam, at the time of copulation, been in the condition in which all dairy cattle should be kept.—Prof. I. P. Roberts.

WHY FARMERS' BOYS SHOULD BE EDUCATED.

A writer in the *Stockman* gives this list of reasons why farmers' boys should be educated: "1. Because from the farm is recruited much of the stuff for great men. 2. Because in after years he will never regret having a good education. 3. Because educated farmers, as a rule, make our best citizens. 4. Because it broadens him intellectually, and enables him to think better. 5. Because little of agricultural literature is readily understood by those deficient in their education. 6. Because if he has agricultural tastes, it will make him a happier farmer; if other, it will help him into the right channel. 7. Because one's college days always afford memories upon which a person delights to dwell, and the ties of association are lasting. 8. Because the farmer has more or less isolation, and the time spent at a distant institution of higher learning affords an excellent opportunity to get an insight into other people's ways and thoughts. 9. Because he will observe better, and utilize his observations and experience to greater advantage for being educated. 10. Because at the outset he should be better equipped for the work of life than the ordinary farm laborer is. 11. Because there is a crying demand for educated farmers, especially for the purpose of breaking up the rut which prevail in nearly every agricultural community. 12. Because there is a monetary value in education. Real estate commands a better price in a community where people are intelligent and educated than where they are ignorant. 13. Because if farmers are better educated, the unreasonable prejudice which sometimes exists against them will be allayed. 14. Because it is desirable to have retired business men move to the country and bring their capital with them. It will increase the tax list. This will not be brought about unless country society is congenial and refined in some degree. 15. And because farmers need leaders in thought and action from their own ranks." The most of these are very good and self-evident, but he might have added that a farmer has more need and can make better use of a broad, genial education than any other man. And because there is no reason why the farmers' boys should not have as good opportunities as others.

Communications.

For the Maine Farmer.

OBITUARY.

BY D. S.

The *Aroostook Republican* of Oct. 11, announces that Mr. James Doyle of Caribou died the day previous, aged 64 years. It also remarked that he came to Aroostook in 1846, when he was 18 years of age; was a successful farmer, having one of the finest farms in Aroostook, of over 600 acres, a large portion of which is in a high state of cultivation, and that he was highly respected and esteemed.

As I read the item and realized that I am no more to see an old friend and eminently good man, I also sadly regretted the fact, which is a fact, although many may not realize it, that when a man passes away whose whole life has been devoted to the occupation of farming, it can almost be said, "There is none so poor as to do him reverence." Or, in other words, the man who has been a skilful and successful farmer, and nothing else but a farmer, is not talked about and remembered when he dies as other men are. The politician, the lawyer, merchant, minister, or physician, who achieves a great success, has columns of posthumous literature placed over his grave, whilst the laborious, hard-working farmer, who has made thousands of acres of grass to grow where none grew before, is passed by and forgotten.

For proof of this I ask any newspaper reader to tell me how many times he ever saw a man's character eulogized in the papers or in any memorial literature, who was only a farmer and nothing else. Tell me of any farmer in Maine, who has made his farm to bud and blossom as the rose, who, when he died, had his name embalmed in the periodical press as Mr. Blaine and hundreds of our prominent men had theirs?

Mr. Doyle's case is one in point. He came to Aroostook when 18 years of age. He was, I think, a native of Ireland; if not, of Irish descent. He had all the good elements of that nationality. He was industrious, attentive to business, economical, honest, careful and faithful in all of the relations of life. I knew him first in 1852. He then lived on the north side of Aroostook, about midway between Fort Fairfield and Caribou. His home and farm was a model of neatness and beauty. There was then no bridge over the Aroostook, but he seemed to take the greatest pleasure in aiding me to cross and recross the river. He seemed to take the greatest interest imaginable in assisting me, as a stranger. I ever found him afterwards the same James Doyle he was at first. His mother lived with him, or he with her, I never knew which, for they seemed to be perfect patterns each of the other. How much land he owned I never knew, but finally

he removed his buildings, or built new ones, on the south side of the river, where he made one of the best farmers I knew of in Maine.

Whenever I called there he had a large company at work on his farm, who appeared always more like a family of brothers than a crew of hired men. Among others whom he had to work for him was a Swede by the name of Ulrik, whom I had had working for me. He was always telling me when I saw him what a good man was Mr. Doyle. I was for some years the agent of the Bangor Mutual Fire Insurance Company, and had his buildings insured in that company. Soon after they were insured his house and some out-buildings were burned. The amount was quite large, \$1500 I think. I took a statement of the case from his lips, sent it to the office in Bangor, and it was paid without a word of controversy or debate.

The crops of hay, grain and potatoes which for years he used to raise on that farm were almost incredible. I do not remember the details, but I know of no farm which produced like that. Within the last six years I have not seen Mr. Doyle on his farm, but within a few weeks last past I have read in some paper an article by a traveling correspondent who this fall had been over and seen his farm. He says the farm comprises 800 acres instead of 600, as stated by our local editor, and that he has this year 50 acres in potatoes—45 acres in one field, the rows three-quarters of a mile long; that he has an immense acreage in grain and grass. The tons of hay he harvested this year I have forgotten, but it went into the hundreds.

Mr. Doyle was a Catholic in his religion and a democrat in his politics, but he was one of the few men whom I have known who never permitted his opinions on religion or politics to cause any unpleasantness with others. He was one year a member of the legislature, which was the only office I ever knew him to hold. I never knew him to attend a political convention, although he probably did attend at times. If actions speak louder than words, his farm and his home were the places of all others that he loved. An amiable and intelligent lady, who lives to mourn the death of one of the best of men, rendered his home delightful by her presence, and the plants and flowers with which she adorned it, and his own skill rendered his farm one of the most delightful spots on earth.

Buckfield, Oct. 12.

For the Maine Farmer.

SEED POTATOES.

BY LEMUEL MILLIKEN.

I notice in the *Portland Transcript* an item "whether to remove the end of seed potatoes or not," taken from the *American Cultivator*.

Some ten years ago I commenced to grow early potatoes for the Portland market. Then it was the custom to cut the potatoes one and two eyes to the set. I did the same for two years but I could not get a good stand; not more than three-fourths would come up. I planted them by the 20th of April on early sandy soil a number of seasons. I had the ground froze over them and two inches of snow after they were planted. After trying this way two seasons I thought I would plant whole potatoes, so the next season I did so, planting the 18th of April, and the earth was frozen over them three days, but they came up and made a splendid stand. Some hills would have as many as twelve stocks. So when they got about four inches high I pulled all out but four and five stalks to the hill. They made a large growth and covered the ground between the rows, and the yield of potatoes was almost double the cut seed the year previous.

I find in planting potatoes early when the ground is cold, the best way is to fork your manure over until you get it thoroughly warmed up so it will steam when you put it into the ground. For early planting I put the manure into the furrow and plant the potatoes by sticking the seed end down into the warm manure. They come up quicker and stronger than they will if the cold earth is put upon them. The roots of the potato have the warm manure to start them, and the top will surely come when the root is taken care of. It is a good deal easier to pull the stocks out than to have to plant over; besides, your potatoes will all be ready to dig at the same time.

I find the best way to start the sprout is to put the potatoes in a warm, sunny place and shrivel them; this way makes a short, greenish and healthy sprout, and they come up quicker than they will if the sprout is started in the kitchen by the stove. Sprouts started this way are pretty sure to perish when put into the cold earth.

This season has been a hard one for potato growers, but I can see that the whole seed is far ahead of the cut seed. Where there was one and two stalks in a hill I would get two and three large potatoes, but where there were four and five stalks I got from seven to ten good marketable potatoes. I do not believe in this chopping potatoes up into small sets. Whole potatoes make the stronger and more healthy tops. I would not recommend extra large potatoes, but about the size of a hen's egg. Whole potatoes for early

planters will stand the cold and wet as long again as cut seed.

West Scarborough.

For the Maine Farmer.

MY HONEY AND FRUIT.

BY REV. C. M. HERRING.

Our fair and the honey season are over, and we take note of results. In this hasty article you will suffer me to indulge in a little self-congratulation on fruit and honey. If I do not praise myself, who will?

With me, apples are a minus quantity, and of such I have no reason to boast; but on pears, grapes and honey, in our county fair, I have taken the first premium. My collection of pears consisted of Sheldon, Beurre Bosc, Belle Lucrative, Beurre d'Arenberg, and Beurre Diel. And my collection of grapes were Concord, Delaware, Haverhill, Muscadine and Brighton. The Haverhill is proving a very early and excellent variety. My Green Mountain has not yet come to bearing.

I have eleven colonies of bees, about as many as I dare to keep on my limited grounds, which have given me, this year, excellent returns. My average of nice box honey to the colony is 44 lbs., and my gain in swarms is four. Three of these I swarmed out myself, two of which, in a very interesting manner. After the honey flow was over, I wished to divide several of my heavy colonies, and I sent for as many queens. I took empty hives, furnished with several well developed combs each, and placed the frames in the empty hives over the queens, which would take several days for their liberation. Then I moved the heavy hives, to be divided, to a new locality, and placed the new hives in their stead on the vacated stands. The bees, of course, to some extent, went to their old place, entered the new hive, found the caged queen, liberated her, accepted the new situation, and went to work. Finer colonies I never had. The most of my hives are very heavy, well stocked for winter.

For the Maine Farmer.

WASTE OF TIME ON THE FARM.

BY J. S. HUTCHINS.

If there is one thing more than another that a farmer needs to study, it is how to improve his time. What I mean is how to waste the least time and accomplish the most. Some men seem never to be in the right place, always at the wrong end of the ladder. Now to explain briefly I will cite a few instances: John is a good fellow and a hard working man; he is kind to his wife and children, obliging to his neighbors, but he doesn't make farming pay. He works his brain too little for the amount of muscle he wears out. He strives to make farming pay by muscular force alone. He thinks if he plants four acres of corn he will get four times as much from the ground as he does from one—but he only expects to put the work of one acre upon it. Isn't it a waste of time to plant four acres of corn when you only have time and dressing for one? My arithmetic says yes. How many farmers all over our State and outside our State as well, are doing this same thing, more work than they can do well?

I know a man who keeps twenty head of cattle on the feed of ten, and at selling time is obliged to take a one head price for a three head sale. Is this economy? 'Tis with the farmer as with the merchant or business man, he must keep within his resources or there is an evil day at hand.

South Bethel.

For the Maine Farmer.

FARMERS' INSTITUTES.

Institutes are now arranged as follows: Albion, Oct. 27, with Pres. Adams on "Corn and Ensilage;" B. F. Briggs, "Dairying," and the Secretary on "Experiment Stations."

Gorham, Oct. 31, with W. H. Vinton on "Sheep Husbandry;" Prof. Valentine, "Special Fertilization;" Prof. W. H. Jordan, "Human Foods."

Naples village, Nov. 2, with Hon. John Gould of Ohio on "Dairying;" Profs. Valentine and Jordan, W. H. Vinton and the Secretary.

Freeport, Nov. 3d, with same speakers as at Naples.

North Yarmouth, Nov. 4th, with same speakers as at Naples.

Bristol Mills, Nov. 7th, with Gould, Adams, and the Secretary, with same subjects as above, and Dr. Twitchell on "Poultry."

Waldoboro, Nov. 8th, with same subjects and speakers.

Jefferson, Nov. 9th, same subjects and speakers.

York county, probably Nov. 10th and 11th.

Houlton, Nov. 14th, with Gould, Pope, Luce, and Mrs. Towle of New Hampshire, and the Secretary.

Smyrna Mills, Nov. 15, with same subjects and speakers.

Limestone, Nov. 17, same subjects and speakers.

Caribou, Nov. 18th, same subjects and speakers.

Washington county, the week of the 21st of November, subjects and speakers not determined.

These meetings are well worth the patronage of all, young and old.

B. WALKER MCKENZIE, Sec'y.

Augusta, Oct. 20th, 1893.

Choice Miscellany.

NAPOLÉON'S SUCCESSORS.

The Two Zulu Princes Now in Exile from St. Helena.

As a Punishment for Insurrection the Royal Barbarians Were Captured and Exiled by Their British Projectors.

Napoleon Bonaparte, the Frenchman whose interesting career was brought to an end by the English at the battle of Waterloo, has two royal successors on the island of St. Helena, where he was exiled and died.

They are Dintulu, the son and heir of Cetewayo, the Zulu king, and Undabuko, brother of the late monarch. Both are victims of British arrogance and disregard of the interests of other nations, and their treatment has been decidedly more unjust and overbearing than that of the distinguished Corsican, says the New York World.

The Zulus are the finest race in Africa, which is not very high praise to bestow on a nation. Rider Haggard has made us familiar with their moral and combative qualities in his more or less reliable works. Under insidious British influence, however, they began some years ago to give up their fighting habits and grew agricultural. They were encouraged to cross the boundary into the British colonies of Natal and work for the British, and to resist the encroachments of the Boers of the Transvaal. In 1877, when a war broke out between the Boers and the Zulus, the British profited by the occasion to annex the Transvaal. A war with the Zulus followed. The English were defeated at first, but Sir Garnet Wolseley crushed the Zulus at Ulundi. The English then reorganized the government of Zululand in such a way that there was incessant internal disturbance. Cetewayo visited London, where he was received everywhere in society, his frank and genial manners and his interesting ways at table making him a universal favorite.

It was finally determined by the English government to restore Cetewayo to his throne. Shortly after his restoration a chief named Zibebu, an insurrection against him, attacked him and wounded him in the night time, and killed many of his followers. Cetewayo's people, the Usutus, formed an alliance with the Boers and defeated Zibebu. Cetewayo died soon afterward from the effects of his wounds. After much disturbance Zululand was made a British colony. Zibebu then invaded the portion of the country reserved to the Usutus. The latter, feeling that they had been unfairly treated by their alleged British protectors, rose and were suppressed. Undabuko and his ward and nephew were exiled to St. Helena for ten years for taking part in an armed rebellion.

Both are stout, well-grown men, and show high birth and breeding in their manners. European civilization has begun to affect them. Already they have given up the native costume of feathers round the waist for one of trousers, coat and tall hat.

The climate of St. Helena obliges them to wear a blanket or some heavy covering much of the time. The change from the fierce, dry climate of South Africa to one where the air is always full of moisture and the temperature ranges from fifty-seven to seventy-two degrees has been very disagreeable for the Zulu princes. It is doubtful whether they will ever leave the island prison alive. If they die their fate will be still more similar to that of Napoleon. They are very clean in their habits, but live by preference in the smallest and dingiest rooms of the house allowed them.

NEW CURE FOR HEADACHE.

Tapping the Head with the Fingers Often Gives Temporary Relief.

It is surprising to what an extent mechanical vibrations are now employed to act upon the morbid conditions of the sensitive nervous system, says the St. Louis Republic. DeBoudet, of Paris, has been able to produce local anesthesia by conducting fine and exceedingly rapid vibrations half way up the roots of the teeth and to perform one of the most delicate dental operations, that of extracting the living nerves from the teeth, without the patient feeling any pain. Charcot has successfully used the vibratory treatment for sick headache and for certain nervous diseases accompanied by pain, as well as certain mental conditions accompanied by depression.

A very simple form of the treatment is recommended by M. Dondurick, of Moscow. While he was one day examining a patient who was suffering from an excruciating headache he used percussion of the cranium, just as is done for the chest, to ascertain whether any material lesion was perceptible. Two, or three minutes after finishing his examination he was greatly astonished to hear his patient say that the headache had completely disappeared. M. Dondurick has since practiced this method with much success, especially in cases where there was no apparent cause for headache, or when it assumed the nervous form. The percussion must be made lightly, with only one or two fingers, without producing any unpleasant or too pronounced sensation, and the intensity of the taps can be gradually increased. In this way a vibratory massage is administered, which is calculated to remove the distressing symptoms.

It is evident that in many cases this relief can be only momentary, and the cause of the headache must then be discovered, in order that a cure may be effected.

Advantage of Left-Hand Writing.

The number of men who can write legibly with the left hand is very small in this country, where the fact of being ambidextrous is not appreciated at its full worth. Sir Edwin Arnold stated that in Japan every child is taught to write with either and both hands; and he hinted that this was not the only evidence of sound common sense he met with while in the kingdom of the mikado. There have been many remedies suggested for what is known as the writer's cramp, and many writers alternate between the pen and the typewriter; but the simplest plan of all is to acquire the art of writing with either hand, and change from one to the other on the first suspicion of fatigue. It is quite easy for a child to learn to write with the left hand, and, although after the muscles have got set with age it is more difficult, almost any man can learn to write with his left hand in a week, and to write as well with one hand as the other in less than a year.

GUNNING FOR PLANETS.

Asteroids Caught in Numbers by the Aid of Photography.

One of the most remarkable of the recent astronomical developments is the result of the application of photography to the discovery of asteroids or minor planets, says Prof. C. A. Young, astronomer at Princeton college.

By the old methods of search the annual rate of discovery ranged from one to twenty, the average for the twenty years 1872-91, being 10.2. In 1892 twenty-nine were discovered, two only by the old method, while between January 1 and April 15 of the present year twenty-five were picked up by the two observers, Wolf, of Heidelberg, and Charlois, of Nice, who have pressed the camera into service.

The negatives are made with an exposure of from three to five hours, each covering an area two or three degrees square.

On the plate the images of the stars are round and clear, while any planets or planetoids which may be present are at once recognized by the elongation of their images due to their orbital motion; and three or four of these oblong lights are sometimes found on a single plate.

If the number of observers using this method should be much increased the number of annual discoveries may easily mount into the hundreds.

The total number of these little bodies which circulate in the space between Mars and Jupiter stands at three hundred and seventy-five, so far as now known, but it is almost certain that those still undiscovered must be counted by the thousand, and obviously it will soon be hopeless to attempt to keep the run of them all.

We may reasonably suppose that all the larger ones have been already discovered, and that those still remaining unrecognized are all extremely minute.

It is true that from a certain defensive standpoint the size of a planet has nothing to do with its astronomical importance—mathematically considered a planetoid's orbit is just as worthy of investigation as that of Jupiter itself, but practically it is plain that the computers will be obliged to select a limited number which present special points of interest and confine their attention to them alone.

MOST WONDERFUL OF PEARLS.

The "Southern Cross" a Gem Found by a Fisherman in Western Australia.

Black pearls used to be held as of small value, comparatively speaking. They were first made fashionable by the Empress Eugenie, wife of Napoleon III., who possessed a famous necklace of them which fetched twenty thousand dollars at auction after the death of the imperial dynasty.

This did not include the single great pearl forming the snail, which was purchased by the marquis of Bath for five thousand dollars. Mexico, Tahiti and Fiji supply the markets of the world with black pearls. The most extraordinary pearl in the world, according to the New York Advertiser, is known as the "Southern Cross." It is probably the most remarkable thing of its kind that nature has ever produced. So far as is known it occupies an absolutely unique position in the history of pearls. It consists of a group of nine pearls naturally grown together in so regular a manner as to form an almost perfect Latin cross. Seven of them compose the shaft, which measures an inch and half in length, while the two arms of the cross are formed by one pearl on each side. All the pearls are of fine luster.

This astonishing freak was discovered by a man named Clark, while pearl fishing in western Australia. He regarded it as a miracle, and, entertaining a superstitious dread of it, he buried it. In 1874 it was dug up again and since then has changed hands many times. Its value is set at fifty thousand dollars. How it came about that these pearls were grouped together in such a manner no one has as yet been able to explain satisfactorily. It has been suggested that a fragment of shell of the oyster and that the successive teeth along the margin of the front may have caused the deposition of nacre at regular intervals, so as to form a string of pearls in a straight line. The cross was found in the shell of the mollusk, just as it was taken from its native element, without any possibility of its having been subjected to human manipulation.

Boots Blackened for Nothing.

Free shines are to be had in every large city in the United States to-day, but to get one you must go to the shop where you bought your shoes. This idea of blackening the shoes of customers for nothing was put in operation some years ago by a firm of New England manufacturers, who had twenty-two agencies in different parts of the country. A bootblack was hired at each of these agencies. At first the customer went in timidly and had his shoes blackened once after buying them. When he next bought shoes he had them blackened a dozen times, and now there are men who never think of paying for a shine. The scheme was copied by a number of manufacturers, so that it is not unusual to find half a dozen places on a single block where blackening is done for nothing. In some of the larger shops as many as five men are kept busy at this work, but it is noticed that they do not labor as severely as bootblacks do who are in business for themselves. One concern gives to each customer a card with numbers to be punched out. The card is good for fifty shines.

Crowing Contests.

A new amusement has been inaugurated in Belgium which permits the peasants to have some sport. It is a sort of competition in cock crowing. The game is conducted in this way: In a garden are placed rows of cages, each containing a cock. Before each cage stands a yard away, stands the marker who notes the cockerels of his rooster. The competition lasts for an hour, and it is the cock that has crowed the loudest that takes the prize. At the last competition a rooster crowed 134 times. Formerly cock fights were the fashion, but the organizers of them were so severely punished that the new amusement has replaced the old and is quite as much a mode.—N. Y. Herald.

"Is your son, who has gone to New York, a good worker?" "Oh, yes he is very industrious. Why, in the last letter he sent home, he said that on arriving in New York he met a man who asked him for all he was worth. But his wages must have been poor, for he sent home for more money."

A USE FOR CHINAMEN.

Work That White Men Cannot Be Hired to Do.

Here is a Proposition Which Might Furnish a Partial Solution of the Perplexing Chinese Problem.

Some days ago the Portland Oregonian said: "If we had at this moment forty thousand more Chinese in the Pacific in the northwest to do the work which white men will not do, and which yet is necessary for development of the country, the result would be good for everybody." A correspondent writes that he would like to be informed what the nature of that work is, and the Oregonian thus responds:

The occupation in which Chinese labor would mainly be useful is that of clearing our heavily timbered lands. This is labor which white men will not or do not to any extent perform. Thus far nearly all the work of clearing our lands has been performed by Chinese. But it has come to a stop. Since Chinese immigration was suspended it has become impossible to get labor for this purpose. Higher wages are demanded by Chinese, and no owner of timber land can afford to hire it cleared. It is easy, of course, to assert that there are plenty of white men ready to perform labor of this kind and to denounce the owners of the land for employing them, but there is a test of this matter that may be very simply made. There are immense areas of this land yet open for settlement. Government will give them away to all citizens who apply. But our workingmen refuse to take these lands and subdue them. They wouldn't clear the lands for the gift of them, do they because they think they can do better, and many of them may be right.

Here then is a line of work in which Chinese would not be in the way of white labor, and there is nothing more necessary for development of the country than the clearing of large bodies of these lands. The work is now practically at a stand. Again, Chinese labor would be useful in market gardening and fruit growing. Oregon and Washington do not grow vegetables enough by one-half for their own consumption. What we have in the way of market gardening now is largely the work of Chinese. Facts like these are facts in spite of all declamation.

A people the Chinese are not a desirable class, since they are unfit for incorporation into the citizenship of the country, but in every respect they are far less objectionable and dangerous than tens of thousands of European countries who are admitted without question every year— anarchists, agitators, beggars, mountebanks and criminals of every degree. The Chinese laborer would be useful in market gardening and fruit growing, of course, but much work that would contribute to its development will remain undone. There is no probability that Chinese will ever be freely admitted again, and this, too, in all the circumstances is well, since the presence of an inferior race among superior beings like ourselves is always a source of discontent which political agitators continually inflame. In all circumstances, therefore, exclusion of the Chinese is advisable, or even necessary, but still a word now and then on certain phases of the subject, dictated by candor and common sense, may not be intolerable.

DECEIVED BY HIS CAUTION.

A Counterfeit Package Mistaken by Its Owner for One That Contained Money.

I arrived here just before the first bank suspension, says a Denver correspondent of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, and one of the first calls I made was on a merchant whose nervousness made it painful to do business with him, no matter how large a bill could be sold to him. On this particular occasion he seemed afflicted with an excessively severe attack of his chronic complaint, and he told me he was too much worried about finance to talk about giving orders.

After awhile he became communicative and told me he had succeeded in withdrawing from the bank that day rather over four thousand dollars, which he had put away in a strong box in an actually burglar-proof vault, into which thieves could not possibly break through and steal. He proceeded to tell me in addition that he had made up a dummy package representing, and indeed counterfeiting, the package of currency, which he had carefully labeled with the actual contents of the valuable roll. The dummy package, he explained, was in the back of his ordinary cash drawer, which he showed me. His explanation of this precautionary measure was that he had been seen by several people who had helped start the run on the bank he was afraid his place might be burglarized, and that if it was the dummy package would undoubtedly be taken without being opened and examined, and the thief would hurry away without searching for booty further.

I smoked a good cigar with the merchant and then convinced him that his bank was all right and that he had taken a great deal of unnecessary trouble. Late in the same day, however, the bank had to suspend, and when I saw my customer the next day he chuckled over the success of his precautionary measures. When I got him down to talking business he suddenly remembered he owed our house a few hundred dollars, and said if I would wait he would go to the vault and get the money. He came back in about ten minutes looking as though lightning had struck him. He carried in his hand what I presumed was his roll of bills, and when he threw it to the counter and rushed headlong to his cash drawer I began to doubt his sanity. But in a minute his peace of mind was restored and the explanation was obvious. He had made up the real and dummy packages so much alike that he had deceived himself and had placed a roll of brown paper in the vault, while the package containing over four thousand dollars had been lying loose in his cash drawer without any protection against fire or thieves. His remarks on his own blunder were abusive in the extreme.

Live Toad in a Hailstone.

A hailstorm visited Pawtucket, R. I., and caused plenty of excitement. One woman picked up a large hailstone and allowed it to melt in her hand. She thought something was inside the little piece of frozen rain, but was surprised to find when all had melted a little live toad or frog in her hand. There is a general belief that a great many pebbles came down with the hail.

A LOCOMOTIVE EXPERIENCE.

How a Rejected Flyer Turned Up as a Prize Machine.

Strange things happen when men make up their minds that they can't help happening.

It is now over twenty years, says a writer in the Locomotive Engineering, since Superintendent Healy, of the Rhode Island locomotive works, built a passenger engine for the Old Colony. This engine had seventeen and one-half by twenty-two inch cylinders, with a five-foot wheel, and the only innovation on the standard engines of the day was the trial of two and one-quarter inch tubes instead of two inch, there being about one hundred and sixty of them. Before the engine ever made a turn the general superintendent heard of the big flues and openly announced that the engine would never make the time with the Fall River boat train for which it was built. The master mechanic admitted that he didn't believe it would ever steam, and one by one the engineers shook their heads and allowed that it couldn't make it—because it couldn't. Then the firemen announced that no man could keep it hot, and no one ought to expect that it could be done. The engine was doubted from the start. Everybody said it couldn't make the run—and it didn't. It went on the road and was a failure from the start, and after eighteen months' service it was rebuilt. The general superintendent paid the Rhode Island locomotive works \$1,000 extra for a new boiler (replacing the old one) like the one except that it had two-inch tubes.

He said he knew that the new boiler would steam and the engine make the time. The master mechanic said he knew so, too, and the engineers and firemen agreed with them that now it was all right. It was all right, steamed well and made the time—because everybody said it could and would. Some months afterward John Thompson, general mechanic of the Eastern railway, wanted a seventeen inch passenger engine, and wanted it as cheap as possible. He was induced to take the boiler discarded by the Old Colony (after being thoroughly repaired). None of the engineers knew the engine had an old boiler or flues larger than the ordinary. Mr. Thompson was a fine engineer, and he would just play with their fastest and heaviest express. The men all counted on her as a good steamer, and a good steamer she was. This engine never lacked for steam, did her work well and as economically as the best engine on the road, and is in the service yet—running in sight of the scene of her former failure.

A CHINESE CRUIKSHANK.

His Fascinating Caricatures Attacking the Opium Traffic.

The Society for the Suppression of the Opium Trade has republished in fac simile a most curious set of Chinese cartoons on the national vice, which has an almost exact parallel in the famous Cruikshank series, known as "The Bottle," says the London News. The native Cruikshank begins with a picture of a happy home, at any rate of a happy summer home. The native debauchee is taking his first whiff. He reclines on a couch of ebony, inlaid with marble, and all his surroundings are elegant and luxurious.

This is No. 1 of the series. No. 2 presents a partial catastrophe, as the youth on his knees before his father and promising never to do it again; No. 3, release, and No. 4, the wife painting scrolls for a livelihood in the miserable home. In No. 5 the smoker is at it again, while the wife and children, with a reckless indifference to perspective which is in itself suggestive of despair, weep by the side of the besotted father's couch, and the old mother does the work of a domestic drudge.

In No. 6 the wife loses her temper and dashes the smoking gear to the ground, while the infuriated debauchee tries to beat her with a bamboo. In No. 7 he is again sucking at the recovered pipe, while compassionate friends bring him food for his empty stomach. He has lost all appetite. In No. 8 wife and child regard him with horror, but he does not seem to mind. In No. 9 he has been sold up and his lodging is the cold ground. In No. 10 the dogs are after him as he crawls through the villages. No. 11 is the same as No. 10, "only more so." In No. 12 we see him crawling in the wrecked skeleton of him, crawling into a hole in the rocks, in a wintry landscape, to die—still hugging the pipe that has brought him to ruin.

SYMPTOMS WERE ALARMING.

Both Affected Simultaneously with a Desire to Find a Doctor.

The following is a true account of the development of a curious and alarming complaint which suddenly attacked Chappie and Cholly as they were driving back from the club the other day, according to the New York Tribune, and which is still affording great amusement to their friends. One of these young gentlemen was driving his companion in his buggy, suddenly complained of a stitch in his left side. The pain grew more and more intense, until he became quite seriously frightened, when, to the consternation of the pair, the other man was attacked precisely in the same fashion on the right side. With a fifteen-mile drive ahead of them, and with no means of escape, they were seized by some mysterious and insupportable disease, with the pain increasing every minute. The prospect was not a pleasant one. Wildly they lashed the horse in order to reach the nearest village and a doctor, and on they dashed over stones and ruts, leaving the rustic passers-by agape. Suddenly, the midst of his lamentations over the pain, Cholly exclaimed: "Don't you smell something burning?" and a strong smell of fire which, if it had not been for their excitement and fright, they would have noticed long before, made itself very apparent.

"By Jove!" shouted Chappie, as he clapped his hand on his waistcoat pocket, "it is those matches!" And to their immense relief they found that a paper box of matches had ignited itself by friction and the fire had not only slowly burned its way through the garments of the owner of the box, but had extended itself to the trousers of his friend, burning a large hole in his last Polo suit, and causing no little consternation in the minds of both.

—The Place des Victoires is a circular square in Paris built in 1686 by Mansard, and surrounded by houses. A statue of Louis XIV. in the centre, raised by the due de la Feuillade, was destroyed during the Revolution. Its place is now taken by another of the same monarch.

BUFFALOES IN ENGLAND.

Specimens of the Few Survivors Shipped Across the Atlantic.

The Experiment of Breeding the Animals in English Parks Considered by Britons as Very Likely to Prove Unsuccessful.

Fifty, or even half that number of years ago, the possibility of the "buffalo" of the American plains becoming extinct was not so much as dreamed of, says the St. James' Budget. For ages they had wandered in countless herds on the plains on the eastern side of the Rocky mountains, providing the red Indian with an apparently inexhaustible supply of meat. Thousands were killed for their tongues and the steak cut out of the hump—the most delicate part. The bison, from which the early "voyagers" and the fur traders obtained their "pemican," did not suffer from the demands made upon their numbers by the Indians; but the white hunter, with his ever-improving firearms, did the work of destruction. Where once the herds were so numerous that it was the practice to drive them gradually to the edge of a precipice and there frighten them over, none can be found. At last the United States government awoke to the fact that America was upon the point of losing the bison. The agents of the Smithsonian institute had a difficulty in procuring some specimens which were required. The result was that a small herd of about forty is now strictly preserved in the Yellowstone park. But one or two wander away most years and are soon killed when once outside the protected territory; the security of the herd is consequently by no means assured. The news, therefore, that a number of Nebraska buffaloes have been imported to this country, having been obtained for the purpose of being turned down in some of our parks, will be welcomed by our naturalists.

It is unfortunately very questionable if the experiment of keeping and breeding the grand beasts in our English parks will be attended with any success. The bison on its native plains is accustomed to great heat in summer and extreme cold in winter. But, for all that, the climate is a constant one, and the change of the variability, the fog and the damp of this country will be great. Indeed, when we look at the condition of the bison's European relatives, the aurochs, we may well doubt if the genus bison will long remain an inhabitant of the earth. It may be many years before we quite lose it, for representatives will probably linger for a comparatively long period preserved in parks, just as the ancient white British cattle linger now. But, as in the case of the latter, the want of fresh blood and the consequent close interbreeding will tell in time and result in constantly diminishing fertility, until in the course of years the last representative of the race will die and the world know them no more. We may safely say the extinction will not happen in our own time, or even in that of the next few generations; but it is to be feared that come it surely will.

ONLY A TRAMP.

But There Were Tears, and Bitter Ones, Shed for Him.

"It's only one of them pesky tramps, Bill," said a brakeman to his companion, as they walked along the rails on the form of a man mangled as only a railroad train can mangle. "I suppose we will have to get him into the caboose and leave him at the station." They gathered up the remains as best they could, says the New York Recorder, and, after getting them aboard the train, gave the signal to go along.

Yes, he was only a tramp. The brakeman addressed as Bill had seen the man fall between two cars while stepping from one to another. The train had been stopped, and the two roadmen went back to see what damage had been done. In the caboose they made a search of the dead man's clothing, but found nothing but a few shreds of a coat and a pocket of money, not even a knife. In the inside pocket of the ragged vest was a greasy-looking envelope. In taking out the letter a tiny band of gold fell to the floor. While one picked up the ring the other read the letter. It had been well fingered, and there were unmistakable signs that only one could have written it. The handwriting was a woman's, and she said as follows:

"Dear Jim: Mary is dead, and in her last words she inquired for papa. She missed you so much, and never seemed to be well after you went. I am sorry, Jim, for what I said that night, and if you will come back I will never complain and worry you any more. I send you Mary's ring; you remember when you got it for her. Please come back to your wife."

That was all. The wife had heard in some way where her husband was and had sent him the letter. It occurred to one of the brakemen to look at the postmark, and with difficulty it was seen that it was from a woman's name. The handwriting was a woman's, and she said as follows: "Dear Jim: Mary is dead, and in her last words she inquired for papa. She missed you so much, and never seemed to be well after you went. I am sorry, Jim, for what I said that night, and if you will come back I will never complain and worry you any more. I send you Mary's ring; you remember when you got it for her. Please come back to your wife."

An Old English Custom.

The candidates for balliff in the town of Alnwick, North England, just before the election ride in procession to a horse pond near the town, dismount and struggle through the mud and water as best they can. They are accompanied by a brass band and all the population of the town and neighborhood. The custom dates from the time of King John, who visited the town in 1210. The roads were very bad and some of his baggage wagons had to be left in the mire. On his arrival he inquired who was responsible for the condition of the roads, and learning that the balliffs had been ordered to them to be seized and dragged through the nearest pond.

An American acrobat in Vienna lately won a queer wager. He bet a considerable sum with a Vienna strong man that he could not endure to have a liter of water fall drop by drop from a height of three feet upon his hand. When three hundred drops had fallen the athlete's face became red and he looked as if in pain. At the four hundred and twentieth drop he gave up, saying it was impossible to bear the pain any longer. The palm of his hand was swollen and inflamed, and in one place the skin had broken open. Only a small portion of the liter of water had got on his hand, the four hundred and twenty drops.

THE ESTHETIC SENSE.

Instances Showing That Animals Possess It in a Rudimentary Form.

Are animals deprived of an esthetic sense? As a very refined or subtle esthetic sense. Moreover, that sense is rare, variable, capricious, subjective; and the same picture, the same piece of music, the same piece of sculpture, the same monument impress the esthetic sense of different people in greatly different ways. The question, therefore, is simply to determine whether animals possess in any appreciable manner certain tastes indicating an elementary sense of the beautiful. This sense assuredly exists. It is not at all present, at least to any appreciable extent, in all animals, and those who do possess it manifest it in different degrees; but it is sufficient to know that its existence can be recognized.

Birds are particularly gifted in this manner. They have a taste for bright colors and melodious sounds, and most frequently the male subjugates and fascinates his mate with the beauty of his plumage or the flexibility of his vocal organs. From this sense come those curious parades of love (among peacocks, for instance) of which Darwin, and more recently Hudson, have given us so many examples. These parades are veritable conventions of beauty. There are, besides, other birds who show this esthetic sense in a singular manner. One of them is the bava. He has a passion for brilliant and variegated objects, and he has a habit of ornamenting the entrance to his nest, which is built with infinite art and elegance, with a variety of objects, gathered by bits from all quarters, which happen to strike his fancy.

Among them are brilliantly colored feathers of other birds, bright bits of shells, bits of stuff, and the birds strut about in the midst of all this with evident pleasure. Insects also possess a marked esthetic sense. They prefer certain colors, and the plants which depend upon them for fertilization show an entirely different variety of colors from those of plants whose fertilization is effected by means of the bees. The colors of the bees affect different animals in a marked manner; they have their preferences and their antipathies. To be sure, this esthetic sense is not very elevated, but it is present in a rudimentary condition; they are not entirely indifferent to the manifestations which, with us, address themselves only to an esthetic sense.

In a similar manner, those who deny the religious sentiment to animals deceive themselves. Without doubt this religion is of a very inferior order, but, to be exact, can be that of millions of human beings be placed in a very elevated category? Analyze the religious ideas, deprived of all its pretenses and superstitions, and what do you find? Fear and love, submission and submission and many other sentiments, which, according to the quantity, are mixed with the two principal ingredients. Quatrefages writes that "the domestic animals are religious for they obey those who appeal to them with the rod or sugar." In another place he says: "There is no difference between the means which animals use to obtain their food and the means which man uses to obtain his." Animals run to man for protection as a believer to his God.

Of course, between the religion of a dog and that of Pascal there are differences, but all the forms of transition agree, as we saw, as well as the man who believes himself civilized, furnishes innumerable examples of this, and shows that here, as in other matters, the differences are in degree, not in kind. Animals know the sense of the mysterious; they are fetishes; what ascribe life to the lifeless; and what more than this, may I ask, comprises the religion of our contemporaries? Between paganism or the gross, most primitive polytheism, and the purest Christian religion, the distinctions are few and gradual; not at all specific and fundamental. On the other hand, between the rudiments of religion, past and present, the certain sentiments of the higher animals, the differences bear the same character; the source is the same.

The sentiment of the mysterious and supernatural is manifested by a number of animals and has been observed with some attention. Herbert Spencer reports some observations on a large mastiff which belonged to one of his friends. The dog, playing with a cat which had been turned over to him, inadvertently struck the ground very hard with one end of it, and, naturally, the other end struck with force against his mouth. The animal, at that unexpected manifestation, showed consternation, and, suspecting sorcery, concealed himself. It was with great difficulty that he could be induced to return to his playthings. "His conduct showed very clearly that the cat, so long as it was exhibited, traits with which he was familiar, was not considered by him as an active agent, but as soon as he received an injury from it he was led, for the moment, to class it with animate objects, and to consider it as capable of inflicting him anew."

Certain persons have even attributed to animals remarkable clairvoyance. Here, one tells of birds which seem to perceive frightful apparitions in a cage where one of their number is dead; there, of storks foreseeing fire in the house where they have been accustomed to building their nests, and of their perching among the trees; and again, where dogs have had visions. However, we simply content ourselves here by concluding that the higher animals certainly possess the rudiments of an esthetic sense and a religious sentiment.—Revue des Revues.

One Weakness of Dialect Writing.

The dialect of the magazines is generally the worst possible misspelling, with very little approach to the pronunciation which it is supposed to indicate. Apparently the hardest thing for a writer to learn is that dialect is not bad spelling. Half the Irish dialect, so called, seen in the magazines is a libel on the Irish pronunciation, while, if possible, the negro dialect is even worse. The trouble is that the writers, as a rule, picked up their dialect from other writers and know nothing of the genuine article. If they would go to nature there would be a marked improvement in this respect.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Favorable Symptom.

Dr. Blunt—Does your husband complain of pain in the head? Mrs. Pete Amsterdam—His head does not pain him, but he seems to be drowsy and stupid. Dr. Blunt—I am glad to hear that. He is getting back into his normal condition and will be all right in a few days.—Texas Siftings.

FISTS BETTER THAN GUNS.

A Man Whom the Old-Timers Would Like to Welcome in Kelly.

In the days when pistols were worn as regularly as shirts (a plenty to satisfy any ordinary tenderfoot can still be seen in this region) a stranger came here and stopped at the hotel without saying much to anybody, says a Kelly (N. M.) correspondent. He hired a team and driver and took in the various gulches and prospects that could be so reached, and he kept his eye on the trade of the various business houses of the town as well. Some thought he was a mine speculator and others thought he was sipping up the camp with a view to going into mercantile business. He took a drink now and then, and sat in a game of stud poker, when he came out about even, one night. After three or four days, when nothing was heard about him, a rumor ran about the camp that he was a detective. Thereat Budd Wood, who was then the tough pride of the sports in town, said he would "call him once for luck."

Budd is said to have been an able tough in spite of a deal of swagging in his bearing, but he had one failing as a tough—he had to drink and work himself into a passion before he could hit anybody. He was by no means what would be called here a cool and gentlemanly tough. So when he set out to call the supposed detective he began by drinking a lot of whiskey, and when half full he found his intended victim in the Pinon saloon reading the latest issue of the Evening Post, and all unconscious of danger, for contrary to the usual custom in such cases, no one had warned him that Budd was looking for him.

For this reason he took no notice of Budd's loud talk, even when reference in vile language was made to the arts and character of all detectives. In fact he probably was accustomed to ignoring vulgar talk, and did not hear it. But after awhile, in preparing to smoke, he bit off the point of a cigar and accidentally spit it on Budd's boot. He realized that something of unusual interest to him was happening then without delay, for Budd turned on him with a yell, and, cursing like a pirate, said he would kill the offender in about two minutes.

The stranger got on his feet and stammered and stuttered in his efforts to explain and apologize. The attack was so unexpected that he was thrown entirely off his guard, and his blanched face showed everyone that for the moment he was helpless. But Budd made no mistake in getting thoroughly in earnest. He had made up his mind to kill the stranger, and when he drew two revolvers the spectators began hunting shelter behind the bar and the stove. Then something did happen. The color came back to the stranger's face and he said quickly to Budd:

"Look out for that man with the poker behind your back." Budd half turned as if to avoid a blow, and then he got one he didn't expect, fair under the ear, delivered with all the strength of the stranger, who knew that life depended on it. It was a good blow, too, for it laid Budd at full length on the floor. The stranger was on him in a minute, but that was not necessary, for it was a knock-out blow.

While the tough quivered the stranger took the cartridges from the revolver and gave the whole into the keeping of the bartender. Then he helped carry Budd to bed, after which he hired a rig and drove to Magdalena, from which he took the train the next morning, and has never been heard of since. If this article should happen to reach his eye he will confer a great favor on three of the witnesses of the incident, and of Budd as well, if he will write to the Pinon and tell something of himself. Better yet, he can make Kelly another visit, for, although time is dull, there are enough of the old-timers left to give a fitting welcome to a man whose fist is better than two guns.—N. Y. Sun.

CARE OF TAN SHOES.

How the Ingenious Bootblack Still Earns His Time.

When tan shoes became fashionable three or four years ago the bootblack trade aghast. Some of them turned away, saying the Washington Post, but most of them did not because nature debarred them from that manifestation of apprehension. As man after man passed their stands with his feet shod in coverings that did not admit of the old-time "shine," they believed that their race was run.

The ragamuffin, who makes his living naturally, the corner and individual hard to down. When the second season of tan shoes came around a new method of polishing had been devised. It has been amplified until it

Woman's Department.

THE KING'S ROSES.

In the palace garden the roses blow
Like flames of fire and stars of snow.
And the path is walked with their brilliant
bloom.
And the air is freighted with rich perfume,
And the king walks the rose-path down,
And he smiles a moment, well pleased to
know
That his daughter loves the roses so.
For the rose was brought from a distant clime,
And tenderly nursed through the winter time.
And jealously guarded from vulgar eye,
In the garden wall that is broad and high,
And none but the king in all the land
Should have such roses, the gardener
planned.
And so
In the palace garden the roses blow.

But under the wall, while the watchers
sleep,
The roots of the king's own rose trees creep,
And year by year they grow more tall,
By the tiny cottage under the wall,
The rose of fire and roses of snow.
And the peasant's daughter loves them so!
And many an hour of toil and care
Is lightened by sight of such roses here.

For lo!
In the peasant's garden the roses blow.

What are walls to roses?—but love is sweet.
In fire or in snow, roses are true.
They know their lovers, and high or low,
They know their lovers, and high or low.

In both the gardens the roses blow.

THE REBELLIOUS HEART.

BY ELLEN S.

How cold indeed the unsympathetic
heart, the heart that cannot mourn
with those who mourn; the heart that
is rigid as stone, that is cold as
ice, that is hard as flint, that is
unyielding as adamant, that is
unfeeling as a block of marble,
that is unloving as a piece of
iron, that is unkind as a lump of
lead, that is ungenerous as a
pile of stones, that is uncharitable
as a heap of refuse, that is
unmerciful as a pile of bones,
that is unkind as a pile of bones,
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stones, that is uncharitable as a
heap of refuse, that is unmerciful
as a pile of bones.

I have seen such ones, and any home
where troubles of death enter,
they will not go. They are afraid
that speaking of her angel child, they
too, have formed the holiest tie of life.
A tiny form is laid in the mother arms,
and nestles for mother love. How she
loves her first-born! A few short
months, and the baby form lies still
and cold, all shrouded to be laid in
the narrow confines of the grave; lies
safe and sound, but cold and still.
The mother heart cannot cry out for
her darling. She is simply sorry her
baby is dead; no deep, bitter waves
of sorrow sweep over her heart. She
knows and feels she will miss her
sonny boy. Yes, she is sorry. I do
not, understand such natures. But,
thank God, I can truly sorrow with
and weep with those who weep. Oh,
unspeakable blessedness to have and
feel the deep, sweet sympathy of our
dear friends. How comforting when
the heart is all shrouded in grief, to
feel the hand-clasp of those whose heart
partakes in a measure, a friendly measure,
of your bitter heartaches.

It seems that the distant, cold-hearted
person, whose heart is of ice, is
not, after all, so different from
what we have been seeing and
feeling for the last three months.

I recall instances where trouble and
sorrow have softened the proud,
bellicious hearts of mortals. And earth
held no truer, warmer-hearted, sym-
pathetic people than those whom God's
love and cleansing power had tempered.
Some have said if they knew they had
done some wrong, that they could not
drive themselves to go and acknowl-
edge it to them; to simply say, "forgive
me." It has ever seemed to me that if
any one knew they had wronged or
injured another, it was cowardly pride
of self-conceit that would thus
refuse to right a wrong.

But there is a power, there is a love,
that can and does melt all the barriers
of self away. The stone is rolled aside.
Their hearts are rolled in the snow,
peace, hope, love. The old garments of
self-love and esteem are evermore cast
aside. Do we, ought we, could we wish
it otherwise?

WINTER BLOSSOMS.

BY MRS. V. P. DE COSTER.

Many flower loving women make a
mistake by filling their sunniest windows
through the winter with large geraniums
and such plants, which not only
agreeably shade the room, but which
refuse to blossom until nearly time to
set them in the ground again in the spring.

In order to have the sunshine and
blossoms also, a better way to do is to
plant large plants in the cellar, where
only winter slips in your window, which
will take but little room, and will
better garden plants the following summer.
For winter blossoms, bulbs give
the best satisfaction, with the least room
and trouble. To be sure they cost a
little more, but they are almost sure
to bloom in places and conditions where
nothing else would. They will stand
cold which would kill ordinary plants,
and blossom with very little sun-
light, and in poor soil, simply because the
nutrition and blossoms are already stored
in the bulb. Hyacinths should be pot-
ted in October and November, then set
in the cellar for several weeks, watered
very sparingly until the soil is well
filled with roots. Then if brought
to the window they make a rapid growth,
and in a few weeks show blossoms, whose
beauty and fragrance cannot help de-
lighting every one. If kept in a cool
place, the blossoms last for two or three
weeks. After once blooming, hyacinth
bulbs may as well be thrown away. I
have succeeded in making them bloom a
second time, but they do not pay for the
trouble. If good bulbs are purchased,
the first blossom is worth the money.

Freesias are cheaper, and fully as sat-
isfactory to me. The bulbs can be pur-
chased for six cents each, and will mul-
tiply rapidly. Unlike hyacinths, they do
not bloom so early, but they cost a
little more. If potted in October they should begin
to bloom in January or February. The
blossoms resemble small lilies, with sev-
eral upon one flower stalk. The bulbs
are small, and several can be planted in
one pot. After the leaves have turned
yellow, set the pot away until the follow-
ing fall, and then repeat the bulbs.

Last winter I took great pleasure with
a pot of the common yellow garden daffo-
dils. They were treated the same as
the hyacinths. When the leaves had
turned yellow, they were set away, and
away down toward the cellar, the dear
little "daffies" seemed to nod their heads to
me and say, "Never you mind, this can't
last long, you will soon see my sisters
in the garden."

BOOKS vs. FANCY WORK.

Given a house full of materials from
which any number of "just too lovely"
articles for home decoration may be
fashioned, and an unlimited supply of
good literature at one's command, the
problem arising reads: "Which, in the
majority of homes, will receive the
greater attention?"

It is a problem I shall not undertake
to solve, for it would necessitate a great
expenditure of time than comes within
the scope of my possibilities. Yet, I

Young Folks' Column.

AT TEN YEARS.

Come here, my boy, you're ten years old,
Just ten years old today,
To think ten old and happy years
Already flown away.

Come kiss me, sweet, for every one,
And here's for coming years,
A kiss, a wish—ah! who can tell
A mother's hopes and fears?

"I wish my darling's sunny head,
Unbowed by shade of care,
His soft, bright eyes, undimmed by tears,
Would be my mother's prayer."

"I wish life's treasures all were clasped
In your arms, my little son,
I'd wish for him Old Time would count
The hours by golden suns."

"I wish my mother's countless things,
But, more than all, I wish
His little, tender, dimpled feet
May never go astray."

HOW HE STROVE AND WON.

BY G. E. STORBRIDGE.

Some years ago the son of a Metho-
dist preacher started for college. He
was rich in his father's blessing and his
mother's prayers, but here his affluence
ended. When he had but \$27 with
which to meet the expense of living for
a whole year. Books, clothing, furni-
ture, food, so far as he then saw, must
for his first year all come out of that
amount, for of cash in hand he was the
poorest of the poor.

Leaving his home, he came after a
day's journey to the place where he was
to take the boat for New York city. A
night's sleep brought him to the metro-
politan city, and he found himself in
the hands of a host of strangers. He
spent the night sitting up and sleep-
ing as best he could, thus saving his half
dollar.

The next morning found him at the
landing in the great city with the whole
day before him for the boat in which he
was to continue his journey did not sail
until the evening of that day. His one
companion was his trunk, and it was his
greatest burden and care, for it must be
transferred across the city. He was de-
termined to accomplish it, if possible
without cost, so he undertook to carry it.

But it was a heavy load for the young
stripling, packed as it was with books,
bedding and clothes. Tossing under
its weight he managed to get it a short
distance. But then his strength utterly
gave out, and he cast about to find what
he might do. Discovering a hand cart
standing idle by the side of the street he
hunted up the owner, and offered him
sixteen cents and seven cents for the use
of his cart, and promising as a remunera-
tion to give his services for the entire
day with the cart as soon as his trunk
was deposited on the pier.

At first the Irishman was a little hesi-
tant, being uncertain whether he should
ever see his cart again. The boy was
urgent, he was persuasive, and offered to
leave his silver watch as a pledge for the
return of the cart. The Irishman, how-
ever, generously waived the proffered
guaranty and allowed him to take the
cart on the terms proposed.

As he was good as his word, and as
soon as the trunk was deposited he en-
tered into partnership with the owner,
man, attached himself to the cart and
pushed it all day, soliciting orders and
trundling loads with such success the
net result at evening was \$1.25. This,
as returned in those days, was consid-
ered a phenomenal sum. So pleased was
the man that he proposed to continue
the co-partnership.

But our hero had other and greater
plans. It was not for him to push a cart
all day, he was aiming the rather to
ride in the chariot of career. That
evening he took the boat for the seat
of the college. Somewhere after midnight
he was at his destination. The boat
moved off, and he was left standing on
the dock alone. The situation that im-
mediately faced him, however, was that
heavy trunk, with the college buildings
about 3 o'clock in the morning. His hos-
pitable doors were open. Going in he
put his trunk under the bed, and, sitting
down upon it, with a deep drawn
sigh of relief, he was soon fast asleep.

Along after daybreak a friendly senior
discovered him and conducted him to the
president. A room was assigned to him.
But when he entered his heart fairly
sank within him. The place was abso-
lutely bare, unrelieved by a shred of car-
pet or a stick of furniture—gaunt walls
and a grimy floor! There was nothing
even for him to sit down upon except
his trunk, which had clung to him so faith-
fully all along. This ghastly welcome
was too much for the tired boy, his
sturdy resolution for the time being gave
way and he yielded to an overwhelming
sense of helplessness.

He soon, however, recovered from this
spasm of depression and set himself
bravely to face the situation. For a few
weeks he slept on the floor, using the
limited portion of bedding he had been
able to bring with him. Let us say, wait-
ing his opportunity, he bought a second-
hand bedstead at an auction, and draw-
ing still further upon his meagre funds
he purchased the material for a bed-tick.
This he buttoned up and drew over his
head. Taking it to a neighboring
farmer's straw stack he stuffed it
and carried it back.

But what were his peculiar emotions
when he discovered himself to be sadly
at fault in his bed-fitting? He had
the tick to his empty bed; now that he
had stuffed it generously, until it was
almost a globe in shape, he found that
it was much too short, so that when
stretched upon it his feet were emphati-
cally "out in the air." "How can you
do this?" said the student, "how can you
do this?" "Ah," he responded with
deep interest. "It must be one of the
oldest houses in town."

Mrs. Fozzleton: "Why, Julia, what
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"Shure, ma'am, and didn't yer tell me
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A PSYCHOLOGICAL MYSTERY.

A friend of mine in New York has a
pet cockatoo, which amuses the family
greatly. It is a beautiful bird, white,
with the palest sulphur-colored crest. It
has a cage in one corner of its mistress's
room, near a broad window, and its perch
stands here also. It hates to be shut up
in the cage, and will cry and scream,
and make the most doleful noise when it
is not allowed its freedom. This rarely
happens now, however, although until a
few months ago Polly had to be shut up
when the family were out of the
room, for she was very naughty, and
would tear things to pieces with her
sharp bill, laughing

Maine Farmer.

ESTABLISHED IN 1833.

Published every Thursday, by
Badger & Manley,
AUGUSTA, MAINE.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1893.

TERMS.
\$2.00 IN ADVANCE; OR \$2.50 IF NOT PAID
WITHIN ONE YEAR OF DATE OF
SUBSCRIPTION.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.
For one inch space, 25 cents for three inser-
tions and seventy-two cents for each subse-
quent insertion.

COLLECTORS' NOTICES.
MR. C. S. AYER is now calling upon our sub-
scribers in East Kennebec county.
MR. J. W. KELLUM is now calling upon our
subscribers in Aroostook county.

The next world's fair is to be held at
Paris in 1900.

From Wm. Haley, Sebago, Cumber-
land county, we have Mayflowers in
bud, gathered one of the pleasant autumn
days.

We acknowledge the receipt of copies
of the State Agricultural Report, from
Secretary McKen of the Board, which
our subscribers can have on calling at the
office.

Who says that the newspaper men of
Aroostook are not well fed. An
exchange there acknowledges the receipt
of "one of the headquarters of a lamb
eleven weeks old."

Messrs. James Lindsay & Son, Glas-
gow, Edinburgh and Leith, cable the
following prices in their markets for
American apples: Kings, \$5.80@6.25;
Baldwins, \$6.00@6.30; Greenings, \$3.40
@3.64; red apples in general, \$3.88@
\$4.85.

Recently a convention of leading New
England butter makers formed "The
Eastern Butter and Cheese Makers'
Association." The *Ploughman* says, "In
union is strength." We are in great
doubt whether increased strength would
increase the popularity of New England
butter.

An important case has just been de-
cided by the full bench of the Supreme
Court of Massachusetts, and the owners
of dogs had better take notice. The
court has decided that a man is justified
in preventing a dog fight, and that if in
doing such a thing he gets bitten, the
owner of the offending dog must respond
in damages, if called upon to do so.

Capt. Nash has issued from his press
The Maine Farmer's Almanac for 1894,
the old publication founded by Daniel
Robinson seventy-five years ago. It con-
tains the usual amount of valuable in-
formation and entertaining reading.
There will be four eclipses next year,
two of the sun and two of the moon.
The eclipses of the sun are invisible at
Augusta. We shall get a glimpse of the
partial eclipse of the moon.

Now we know that the New Year
approaches, for here on our table is the
Old Farmer's Almanac for 1894, by
Robert B. Thomas, full of "new, useful
and entertaining matter." Since its
establishment in 1793, this old friend
has gone on its mission of helpfulness,
not only to the farmer, but to all classes.
We have this number from Loring, Short
& Harmon, Portland, though it is sold
by booksellers and traders throughout
New England.

When the great Fair was opened to
the little folks at ten cents a head, how
the hope of the country flocked the
gates! Nearly one hundred thousand
children appeared on Thursday. One
lot came from Milwaukee, with a brass
band, and another from Detroit with the
Detroit Newsboys' Band. They were
addressed by Director-General Davis and
President Higginbotham. The children
were shown many courtesies by the con-
cessionaires.

There was formed in Lewiston, Thurs-
day, under the general laws, the Lewiston
Daily Sun Publishing Company, with a
capital stock of \$20,000. The officers
are: President, Guilford D. Stratton,
Gorham, N. H.; Treasurer, Henry A.
Wing, Lewiston; Clerk, Wm. H. Newell,
Lewiston; Directors, John W. Greenlaw,
Berlin, N. H.; Guilford D. Stratton,
Gorham, N. H.; Thomas A. Day, Bryant's
Pond; Henry A. Wing, Lewiston. The
policy of the paper will not be changed.
A Sunday edition will soon be issued.

Carmel in this State is the home of
Mr. Waldo Emerson. Mr. Emerson is
55 years old, of rugged personality, and
is distinguished by chin whiskers of
medium length. He wears a black derby
hat and brown suit and calfskin boots
when he goes to Boston. He went to
Boston a few days ago in accordance
with his semi-annual custom, accom-
panied by a fat pocket-book, in which
reposed several bills of large denomina-
tion. It is not so far now. Mr. Em-
erson met a good looking man, who said
he was from Bangor, and claimed ac-
quaintance. It was the old game. Em-
erson's new friend borrowed \$60 to help
another man pay a bill. Emerson is
still waiting for the \$60.

The time has come for making the an-
nual announcement of the old and re-
liable *Eastern Argus*. It will be the aim
of the publishers to make the *Argus* for
the year 1894 an even more complete,
well rounded newspaper than ever be-
fore. Patrons of a daily paper want,
first of all, the latest important news,
domestic and foreign. The *Argus* has
always had a good, regular telegraph
service, and this service will be, in many
respects, fuller and of a broader scope
in 1894. The news of the State will be,
as usual, carefully covered by telegraph,
supplemented by a corps of vigilant cor-
respondents. Terms of the *Daily Argus*
—50 cents per month or \$6.00 per year in
advance, and \$7.00 at end of the year,
free of postage. Terms of the *Weekly*—
one copy, 1 year, free of postage, \$1.50
in advance or \$2.00 at the end of the
year. Clubs of 10 free of postage, \$10.00
in advance. John M. Adams & Co.,
publishers, Portland.

A SAD REMINISCENCE.

Those who visit Chicago to attend the
World's Fair, are easily drawn aside for
half a day to take a trip up town and
visit Libby Prison, that has, as we said
in a former article, been transferred from
the soil of Richmond, Va., and put down
here just as it stood there. The murky
river does not run by it, as of old, but
there is the old structure just as it stood
when it formed the prison pen of our
Union boys, and out from which four
thousand of them were carried for their
hasty burial. Places in the floor are
marked where certain poor fellows lay,
suffering and dying. A bullet imbedded
in one of the large timbers was aimed at
an Augusta boy, but the boy was too
smart for the bullet, and he still resides
in Augusta, alive and as well as could
be expected under the circumstances.
Night after night men were obliged to
lie on the floor without a blanket over
them, their only diversion being to fight
rats that invaded the premises in droves.

Libby Prison stands as a sad blot upon
our civilization. That and the other
prison pens of the South are the special
offences of the rebel leaders that never
can be condoned.

A clergyman from this State, Rev. Dr.
Spencer of Waterville, an old soldier with
a wooden leg, recently visited the prison
and writes a very interesting letter to the
Waterville Mail. He says: To see the
old prison, my home during about ten
painful days in 1862, was one of my
special errands to Chicago. I almost
dreaded my first look at the interior,
for fear I should find that my memory
had been deluded in those days of
pain and fever, and that I should find
things very different from what I ex-
pected. Once inside the inclosure, there
was the dingy old building, natural
enough, but the entrance was at the
wrong end for me. That, however, was
soon explained, when we were told by a
guide that the hospital was at the other
end of the building. Thither I made
my way without pausing long over the
pictures and relics of Confederates near
the entrance. When I came to the hospi-
tal, which was the only part of the in-
terior that I had ever seen, it was all
right. There was the front door now
closed and barred, through which I was
borne into the building. There was the
spot, between two windows in the end
of the building, where my cot was finally
set down, just about where the flight of
stairs leading down to "Rat Hell" is
now opened. One of the guides told me
that these old stairs, closed up during
the war, have been reopened since the
building was moved, but I was able to
fix the spot within ten feet where I lay
those hot July days, while my strength
was slowly failing. There, within a few
feet, was the huge post beyond which
my friend, Captain Dewing, gave up his
life the day that I was borne out of
prison, a paroled prisoner. There was
the place within a few feet of me, where
a Pennsylvania lad lay with his father,
both wounded; and one night there was
a struggle going on there. The poor
boy's body was racked with agony and
his father could only look on with an-
guish, as his young hero at last gave up
the struggle and laid down his life. A
guide told me that the records show that
4,000 Union soldiers were borne out from
the prison, dead, during the war. We
did not fail to inspect the tunnel through
which 100 prisoners escaped Feb. 9, 1864.
The guides repeated the story of the
daring exploit to company after company
of visitors and added a very interesting
account of the meeting of two of the
leaders in that escape right there dur-
ing the present summer, that of Major
Hamilton and Capt. Thompson. They
had not met since they bade each other
good bye on the outside of the prison
that night of the escape. They met in
front of the fireplace, through which the
hole had been dug, one day, just as the
guide was finishing his story. Each
knew the other and they joined hands
with the simple greeting, "Comrade,
how do you do?" and then held each
other by the hand with the other hand
of each on the other's shoulder, for a
full minute or more, while tears streamed
down their faces.

The old building is full of relics of the
war, but we had time to look at but a
few of them. The floors upstairs are
decorated by brass plates here and
there, inscribed with the names of
soldiers who have been able to identify
the very places where they lay during
their captivity. Portions of the old
floor are preserved as relics, some of
them adorned with checker board lines
and those suitable for other games. I
visited the dungeons especially the dark
one.

It afforded me great satisfaction to
visit this historic building after the lapse
of more than thirty-one years of the
most active part of my life; but it was
impossible for me to recall anything
like my real sensations of pain and anxi-
ety connected with that dark passage of
my life, when vitality was almost its
lowest ebb. There were now no weak-
ness and pain, no longing for home, no
painful endurance of the days and nights
that crept slowly by, and no ghastly
wounds nor groaning and dying of the
men around me, only the recollection of
these things, and memory never repro-
duces the pain of body or mind, only the
fact without the feeling.

It is thought that the chances of pass-
ing the bill repealing the purchasing
clause of the Sherman act, was never
better than at present. So the most ex-
perienced members of the Senate say.
They believe that action is not far off,
in spite of the complicated situation.
There are 26 republicans and 22 demo-
crats committed to unconditional repeal.

Probably the most profitable venture
at the World's Fair is the Ferris wheel.
Though it was not ready until two
months after the fair opened, it has paid
for itself nearly twice over. It has car-
ried more than a million people at 50
cents each, and recently carried 45,000
in one day.

The House of Representatives at
Washington are engaged in a debate on
the Oakes Bankruptcy bill. It meets
with serious opposition.

R. M. Walker, has been appointed
Postmaster at Brooksville, and W. H.
Abbott at Fryeburg.

MODERN JOURNALISM.

Being a connecting link between the
past and the present, Hon. Charles A.
Dana of the *New York Sun*, is amply
able to cope with the above subject.
And so it was with a great deal of in-
terest that we read his address on "The
Press and Journalism," recently de-
livered before the advanced classes at
Union College, N. Y.

Mr. Dana said that the profession of
journalism is comparatively new—it is
the growth of the last fifty years. The
newspaper gathers all that has been
going on in the world, all the sciences,
all the ideas, all the achievements, all
the new lights that influence the destiny
of mankind. It has been created by the
necessities of the public and by the
genius of a few men who have invented,
step by step, the machinery and the
methods which are indispensable, and
without which we could not undertake
to do what we do. Of course, the most
essential part of this great mechanism is
not the mechanism itself; it is the in-
telligence, the brains, and the sense of
truth and honor that reside in the men
who conduct it.

The number of intellectual young men
who are looking at this new profession
of journalism is very great. I have
known very distinguished authorities
who doubted whether high education
was of any great use to a journalist.
Horace Greeley told me several times
that the real newspaper man was the
boy who had slept on newspapers and
ate ink.

The clergyman preaches two or three
times a week, and he has for his congre-
gation 200, 300, 500, and if he is a great
popular orator in a great city, he may
have a thousand hearers; but the news-
paper man is the stronger, because
throughout all the avenues of newspaper
communication, how many does he
reach? A million, half a million,
two hundred thousand people. And his
preaching is not on Sundays only, but it
is every day. He reiterates, he says it
over and over, and finally the thing gets
fixed in men's minds from the mere
habit of saying it and hearing it, and
without criticizing, without inquiring
whether it is really so, the newspaper
dictum gets established and is taken for
gospel, and perhaps it is not gospel at all.

In regard to this profession there are
two stages. The first stage is the stage
of preparation. There are colleges which
have lately introduced schools of jour-
nalism, or departments of journalism,
where they propose to teach the
art of newspaper making, to instruct the
student in the methods that he should
employ, and to fit him out so that he
can go to a newspaper office and make a
newsman.

Well, I do not say that it is not useful,
but I have never found that a student or
graduate who had pursued that depart-
ment, instead of pursuing other studies,
was of any great avail as a practical
worker in the newspaper field that he
had been trying to learn. In fact, it
seems to me, if I may be allowed a little
criticism, that the colleges generally are
rather branching out too much, until
they are inclined to take the whole un-
iverse into their curriculum and to teach
things which do not exactly belong there.

Give the young man a first-class course
of general education; and if I could have
my way, every young man who is going
to be a newspaper man, and who is not
absolutely rebellious against it, should
learn Greek and Latin after the good old
fashion. I had rather take a young fel-
low who knows the *Ajax* of Sophocles,
and who has read Tacitus, and can scan
every ode of Horace—than to take one
who has never had these advantages.

There is no question that accuracy, the
faculty of seeing a thing as it is, is one
of the most and most precious ends of a
good education. Next to that I would
put the ability to know how and where
most promptly to look for what you
don't know, and what you want to know.
Thirdly, I would put Dr. Walker's great
object, being able to tell what you know,
and to tell it accurately, precisely, with-
out exaggeration, without prejudice, the
fact just as it is, whether it be a report
of a base ball game or of a sermon or of
a lecture on electricity; whatever it may
be, to get the thing exactly as it is.
The man who can do this is a very well
educated man.

In addition comes the qualities of
personal talent and genius. Greeley,
the great and brilliant journalist, was a
man of immense ability, but lacked the
developed and cultivated instinct of
knowing a truth when it was presented
and detecting error when masquerading.
To know the English language perfectly
is the corner-stone—next the ability to
use it—the cultivation of style, not
modelled on another, but your own, in-
dividual style. That this is a powerful
factor, you have only to read Hawthorne
or Dr. Channing to perceive.

Next I would place a knowledge of
American politics. This is a very hard
study. But it is indispensable. The
young man who takes a newspaper and
turns to the political page has good in-
tellectual symptoms. If he turns to
read a love story first, you cannot make
a good newspaper man out of him.

You should understand the theory
and growth of the American constitu-
tion. And while we are on this point,
we may say in passing that an American
who thinks another country is better
than this should not go into journalism.
You must be for the Stars and Stripes
every time, or the people of this country
won't be for you. And you won't sell
enough papers to pay your expenses.

In order to understand the theory of
the American government, the most se-
rious, calm, persistent study should be
given to the constitution of the United
States.

Next, be well acquainted with the con-
stitution and government of the different
States, and be able thus to deal with
State questions intelligently.

What books ought you to read? Al-
most all books have their use, but some
are indispensable to this kind of an edu-
cation. But of all these, the most use-
ful, the most indispensable, the one
whose knowledge is the most effective,
is the Bible. I am considering it now,

not as a religious book, but as a manual
of utility, of professional preparation
and professional use for a journalist.

There is, perhaps, no book whose style
is more suggestive and more instructive
from which you learn more directly that
sublime simplicity which never exagger-
ates, which re-counts the greatest event
with solemnity, of course, but without
sentimentality or affectation, none which
you open with such confidence and lay
down with such reverence; there is no
book like the Bible.

Then Shakespeare, the chief master of
English speech, the head of English
literature, the storehouse of wisdom, is
indispensable. I would also invite your
attention to John Milton's immortal es-
say on the "Liberty of Unlicensed Print-
ing," which contains the highest doc-
trine that has ever been promulgated,
to my knowledge, with regard to the
freedom of the press.

When I advise you to make yourselves
familiar with these glories of English
literature, I do not say that these writers
of English literature should be taken as
models. Do not take any model. Every
man has his own natural style, and the
thing to do is to develop it into sim-
plicity and clearness.

LUCY STONE DEAD.

Mrs. Lucy Stone Blackwell died at
her home at Pope's Hill, Dorchester,
Mass., Wednesday night. Her death
was not unexpected, as her life hung by
a thread for several weeks. Around her
bed were gathered her immediate family.
Her husband and one child, Alice Stone
Blackwell, survive her.

Among all the champions for "women's
rights," she was the tenderest, sweetest
and most efficient. Womanly in her
nature, tender in her sympathies, her
public services never robbed her of those
noble qualities.

In 1869 she was instrumental in form-
ing the Woman's Suffrage Association,
and in the following year became co-
editor of the *Woman's Journal*. From
1872 to the present time she has been
the principal editor, with her husband
and daughter as associates.

In 1867 and 1882 she again lectured in
the West in behalf of woman's suffrage
amendments, and she has held various
offices in the local, State and national
woman's suffrage associations. Although
it has, for all these years, been a dis-
couraging labor, so far as the main issue
is concerned, though the cause for
which she had so faithfully and earnestly
toiled has not been popular with a
great majority of the women of the
country, though year after year she had
been disappointed by the legislative—

rather non-legislative—action of the
State governments, she has never ceased
her endeavors, never lost hope, never
been dismayed or disheartened by
defeat. She had faith in what she ad-
vocated, and went to her eternal rest in
the full belief in the justness of her
cause, and that the seeds of reform sown
during her life work would ripen at no
distant day into a glorious harvest.

This well known lady was born at
West Brookfield, Mass., in August, 1818.
Her grandfather was a Colonel in the
Revolution, her father a prosperous
farmer. Desiring to learn to read the
Bible in the original, and satisfy herself
that the texts quoted against the equal
rights of women were correctly trans-
lated, she entered Oberlin College, from
which she graduated in 1847, and the
same year commenced her career as
lecturer in her brother's pulpit in Gard-
ner. She espoused the anti-slavery
cause, and in 1848 traveled extensively
through the North, speaking for the anti-
slavery society and for woman's rights.

Her sweet voice has occasionally been
heard in the halls of the Maine legisla-
ture.

Lucy Stone was married to Henry B.
Blackwell on May 1st, 1855. She looked
upon the loss of a woman's name at
marriage as a symbol of the loss of her
legal personality and personal rights,
and therefore, with the full consent of
Mr. Blackwell, she decided to keep her
maiden name.

The Season Now Upon Us.

That delightful and picturesque sea-
son has arrived when his mother's joy
and father's pride stalk abroad through
the land with long and frothy hair,
a black eye, a bandaged head, a broken
arm, and a bad limp. And he calls it
football.—*Portland Advertiser*.

The expression "free silver" means
that any person having silver bullion
may take it to a United States mint,
and have it coined into United States
money without any expense for the mint-
ing. In other words, a person possessing
about \$67 worth of silver can have it
minted at the government's expense,
and receive \$100 in government coin in
return.

Dr. A. G. Young, Secretary of the
State Board of Health, has analyzed
several samples of water sent him from
Aroostook county, and reports: "The
water procured from the Houlton Water
Works is an excellent water for drinking
and general domestic purposes. It is
chemically good and pure."

Good separate homes in the country,
near Portland, are desired for two bright
little boys, one aged seven and the other
eight, (both of American parentage).
The former can be adopted, if desired.
Address Treasurer of "Little Samaritan"
Club, 295 Spring St., Portland.

The Supreme Court of Michigan, Tues-
day morning, handed down a decision on
the woman's suffrage law passed by the
last legislature permitting women to
vote at municipal elections. The court
declares the law utterly unconstitutional
and void.

Coal freights have gone up in New
York to \$1. This is an advance of twenty-
five cents in the last ten days. The
fact that vessels are scarce, quite a num-
ber having been hauled up for the win-
ter, has much to do with the increase in
rates in carrying coal.

This is the last full week of the
World's Fair. The show will undoubtedly
close on Wednesday next.

There is considerable building going
on if the times are hard. Jessie Daniel
is putting up a hen-house.—*Exchange*.

ANOTHER SACRIFICE OF LIFE.

It will stand among the sad things of
this World's Fair year, that so many
lives have been sacrificed by fearful rail-
road accidents. The latest casualty of
the kind occurred at Battle Creek, Mich.,
on Friday morning.

Direct disobedience of orders on the
part of the Chicago and Grand Trunk
engineer and conductor, both of whom
have seen long service with the com-
pany and were regarded as model em-
ployees, was the cause of the tragedy.
The Raymond & Whitcomb special train
of eight palace cars, filled with Eastern
folk, who had been at the World's Fair,
left the sixth street depot of the road in
Chicago at 8.15, Thursday night, as the
first section of the night express. The
train was in charge of Conductor Burt
N. Scott and Engineer Harry Tooley,
both residents of Battle Creek. All
went well until the Battle Creek depot
was reached at 3.35, Friday morning.
From there to the railroad yards, a mile
and a half, there is a double track.
When the Whitcomb special stopped in
the depot, the night operator handed
Conductor Scott copies of an order for
the train to proceed to the double track
east of Main street, about half a mile
distant, and there await the west bound
Pacific express. This train was nearly
three hours late. Every one of the fated
cars was packed with Eastern people,
the majority on the way to the exposit-
ion. The Pacific express was in charge
of Conductor John Bird and Engineer
Gil Cranshaw, both of whom received
orders at Lansing to look out for the
east bound train on the double track.
They were, accordingly, on the alert.
After leaving Battle Creek station, Engi-
neer Tooley proceeded up the double
track, but instead of stopping in accor-
dance with the instructions until the
west bound train passed, he continued
on and entered again on the single track.
He had hardly gone an eighth of a mile
when the headlights on the Pacific ex-
press were seen coming round the curve
speeding westward forty miles an hour.
There was no time to apply the air
brakes or reverse the levers. The engi-
neers and firemen of both trains jumped
for their lives, and a second later the
great locomotives came together with a
crash that could be heard half a mile
away.

The engine of the special plowed nearly
half way into the express, driving it
backward into the baggage car, and
the latter in turn, into the day coaches
behind. The first four cars were com-
pletely crushed.

"It was in these cars that the horrible
sacrifice of life took place. The second
coach cut through the third coach like
a knife and the roof passed over the heads
of the sleeping, and the ill fated passen-
gers were entombed in a fiery furnace."
From No. 13, called the unlucky coach,
which has been in several accidents be-
fore, there were twenty-five dead bodies
taken out by the firemen.

The accident was a mile from the fire
station, and before water could be
turned on the cars they were all burned.

The Pacific Express was made up of
thirteen old coaches, and four of them
were completely burned, catching fire
from the lamps in the cars. The bodies
were burned so badly as to be unrecog-
nizable. Nearly all had their heads,
arms or legs burned off and cannot
be identified.

As the second was driven
back through the third it swept the
people in a mass to the north end of the
latter car, in the vicinity of the stove
where most of the bodies were after-
wards found. The cars immediately
took fire, and in an instant they were
in a blaze. One passenger escaped
through the doorway. Others who es-
caped smashed out the windows and
climbed through. Only three escaped
from the left side and not more than six
from the right side. All the rest of the
occupants of the second car perished.

The most horrible sight was that pre-
sented by Mrs. Charles Van Dusen of
Fort Plain, N. Y. She succeeded in
getting half way out of the window, but
her legs were fastened, and those who
ran to her assistance could not release
her. She was burned to death before
they could get her out of the window.
Before death came to relieve her sufferings
she gave her name.

Charles Van Dusen, the husband of
the dead woman, was terribly injured,
but was taken from the wreck alive.
He was removed to the Nichols Memorial
Home, where he died at 10 o'clock.

Henry Canfield, one of the night
clerks at the Chicago and Grand Trunk
offices, heard the crash, and immedi-
ately pulled the fire alarm box, and then
telephoned the engine house and in-
formed them of the wreck. The fire-
men responded promptly, but the wreck
was over a mile away. The distance of
the nearest hydrant from the wreck, and
the difficulty of driving the hose wagon
between the cars and tracks, delayed
them, and the fire had gained consid-
erable headway when the line of hose was
finally laid, it taking 1500 feet to reach
the burning cars. A line of hose was
also laid from the Grand Trunk Water
Works, but there was not pressure
enough to throw a stream.

When the confusion had subsided,
twenty-six heaps of charred and black-
ened flesh was all that remained of what
an hour or two before had been men,
women and children. And in the city
hospital there were a score or more of
human beings with gashed bodies and
broken limbs. The engineer was ar-
rested and put in jail, being unable to
obtain sureties. One-half of the bodies
were burned or otherwise so injured
that no one could recognize them. The
bodies of thirteen of the victims have
been identified, leaving fifteen unidenti-
fied.

Strange to say, no one was injured on
the Raymond and Whitcomb train.

Only the baggage car was damaged.
No one on the train received so much as
a scratch. No one got even a shaking
up. This train reached its destination,
Boston, at five o'clock Saturday after-
noon, being met at the depot by the
relatives of the fortunate passengers and
cordially greeted.

Penobscot County Pomona Grange
meets at Newport, Saturday, Oct. 28th.

CITY NEWS.

—Fall housekeeping, with all its at-
tendant discouragements, is now in full
progress.
—Many people have been improving
the golden October days by viewing the
rural scenery as the curtain of autumn
falls.
—Mr. Isaac Bennett has exchanged his
up-town building for the old savings
bank building, owned by Lendall Tit-
comb, Esq., and will open a restaurant
at the latter place.

—Swindlers, we hear, are going through
the country selling packages of dry
goods at enormous figures. People
should be on their guard against these
smooth tongued rascals. If you need
dry goods, buy of your local dealers and
avoid being robbed.
—Notwithstanding the heavy rain,
Meonion Hall was crowded with a happy
throng, on Monday evening, to attend
the annual ball of Capital Hose Com-
pany. The music by Pullen's Orchestra
was all that could be desired, and every-
thing about the ball was successful.

—Mr. J. D. McGee, who is with S. B.
Cross & Co., Cushman Heights, has won
a suit by which he comes into possession
of about 6000 acres of timber land in
Drummond county, Province of Quebec,
estimated value \$50,000; 250 acres of
cultivated land, with a fine residence
and all the necessary buildings, worth at
least \$15,000, and a saw and grist mill.
Mr. McGee will continue to reside in
Augusta.

—While little Frankie Thoms of this
city, son of Charles Thoms was visiting
relatives in Mt. Vernon, he was acci-
dentally shot in the left cheek by a ball
from a revolver in the hands of a boy
friend. A physician was called and
upon examination found that the ball
had lodged in the neck, but did not con-
sider the wound dangerous. The boys
were playing with a revolver which they
thought was unloaded.

—Mr. Stephen Tracy of this city has a
full-blooded Jersey cow, seven years old,
which, judged from her performances, is
an animal of great value. The cow, last
week was hitched in the field to a thirty-
foot rope, and she was doing so well
that Mr. Tracy thought he would in-
stitute a test. Her calf was five weeks old
at the time of the test. During one
week this cow produced 15 lbs. and 9
ozs. of butter. When it is remembered
that this is October, and not June, the
test appears all the more wonderful.

—Cushman Royal Arch Chapter is
having a season of great prosperity.
During the year twenty-three candidates
have taken the degrees and the receipts
are the largest in the history of the chap-
ter. There is now a good amount in the
treasury and new paraphernalia have
been bought during the year. The following
officers were elected at the annual meet-
ing: High Priest, F. W. Plaisted; King,
S. T. Murphy; Scribe, J. E. Kingsley;
C. H. C. A. Price; Treasurer, J. S.
Ward; Secretary, E. McMurdie; P. S.,
C. B. Adams; K. E. A. C. J. E. Badger.

—The city cemetery, these autumn
months, never looked prettier or gave
more striking evidence of refinement and
advanced cultivation than the present
season. While during the severe

Poetry.

For the Maine Farmer.
CHILDHOOD.

BY J. H. McLAUGHLIN.

Back o'er an arid waste of years I gaze with
 tearful eyes,
 To a far-off realm 'neath a sunny sky, where
 a happy childhood lies,
 Low buried mid its withered flowers, and
 covered with heartful sighs.

And mournful Memory there alone in faith-
 ful watching stands,
 To turn its pictures o'er again with gentle,
 loving hands—
 And once again I see the flow of childhood's
 golden sands.

See! 'tis the hour of evening now, and down
 the shining west,
 All wrapped in folds of golden clouds, the
 stars have risen,
 And a tired child is folded close on a loving
 mother's breast.

And last! Her tender mother's voice breathes
 low a prayer to Him,
 That he may keep her darling boy free from
 all earthly sin,
 And that his spirit, undefiled, the Heavenly
 goal may win.

Though long, long weary years have flown
 since then, and streaks of hair
 With silver, yet I see her still kneeling beside
 me there,
 And hear once more from those dear lips that
 softly murmured prayer.

O, sainted mother! look thou down upon thy
 boy to-night;
 Help him to bear his weary load; show him
 the path aright,
 That he at last may rest with thee in never
 ending light.

Our Story Teller.

THE QUIET MAN.

Why the Subject of Duelling Was
Distasteful to Him.

"I've seen a good many strange things
 in my time, as you know, but I never
 yet told you about the strangest of them
 all; and I can promise you that
 it's a story worth hearing."

So spoke Gen. R., as we sat side
 by side in the veranda of his snug little
 house in one of the northwestern provinces
 of India, watching the sun sink
 behind the endless line of stately palm
 trees that stood ranged like plumed
 soldiers along the opposite bank of the river.

"Suppose you tell it to me now, general,"
 suggested I, guessing from the
 grave look on the old hero's weather-
 beaten face that the forthcoming story
 must have deeper interest than any of
 his ordinary campaigning anecdotes.

"I don't mind it," he answered, the
 veteran, "for although it is an affair
 that I have no great pleasure in look-
 ing back upon, it taught me a good les-
 son, if only I had the sense to profit
 by it."

"When I was quite a young fellow
 and hadn't long joined the army," he
 resumed after a pause, "I used to be-
 long to a fashionable club in London,
 the members of which were just the
 sort of men you read about in Lever's
 novels—as wild as could be, always in
 some scrape or other, and spending
 their whole time in riding, shooting,
 gambling or fishing—all except one."

"That one was a small, quiet, pale-
 faced, gray-haired man, with a very
 severe look, as if he had once been
 crushed by some great sorrow and had
 never been able to shake it off. He
 hardly ever spoke to anyone, and when
 he did it was in a voice as meek as his
 face. So, of course, I made great fun
 of him among ourselves, finding these
 quiet ways of his a queer contrast
 to our own rackety, dissipated style,
 and we nicknamed him the 'Quietest Man
 in the Club,' though, indeed, we might
 just as well have called him the only
 quiet man in it."

"Well, one evening when the room
 was pretty full and our friend, the
 Quiet Man, was sitting, as usual, in the
 far corner, away from everybody else,
 we began to talk about duelling, a sub-
 ject with which we were all tolerably
 familiar, for there was hardly a man
 among us who hadn't been 'out' once."

"They did some tidy duelling in the
 old times," said Lord H., who was
 killed afterward in action. "You re-
 member how those six chums of Harry
 III. of France fought three to three till
 there was only one left alive out of
 the six."

"That was pretty fair, certainly,"
 cried Charlie Thornton, of the Guards;
 but, after all, it doesn't beat the great
 duel thirty years ago between Sir Har-
 ry Martingale and Col. Fortescue."

"He had hardly spoken when up
 jumped the quiet man as if somebody
 had stuck a pin into him."

"What on earth's the matter with
 him?" whispered Charlie. "I never
 saw him like that before."

"But what was the story, then,"
 Charlie asked another man. "I've
 heard of Fortescue, of course, for he
 was the most famous duelist of his
 kind in all England, and I've heard of
 his fight with Martingale, too; but I
 don't think I've ever had any particu-
 lars, or at least none worth speaking
 of."

"I can give them to you, then," an-
 swered Thornton; "for my uncle was
 Martingale's second. I've heard him
 tell the story many a time, and he al-
 ways said that although he had been
 in plenty of duels, he had never seen
 one like that, and never wanted to see
 it again."

"What they quarreled about I don't
 know, and I dare say they didn't
 know themselves; but my uncle used
 to say he knew by the look in their
 eyes when they took their places to fire
 that it could not end without blood, and
 it didn't. They fired twice, and every
 shot told; and then their seconds, see-
 ing that both men were hard hit and
 bleeding fast, wanted to put an end to
 it. But Fortescue—who was one of
 those grim fellows who are always
 most dangerous toward the end of a
 fight—insisted upon a third shot. The
 third time, by some accident, Martingale
 fired a moment too soon, and gave
 him a bad wound in the side; but Fort-
 escue pressed his hand to the wound to
 stop the bleeding, and then, almost
 bent double with pain though he was,
 he fired and brought down his man."

"Killed him?"

"Rather—shot him slap through the
 heart. But it was his last deed, for
 from that day he was never heard of
 again; and people said he had either
 committed suicide or died of a broken
 heart."

"Well, I don't see why he need have
 done that, for, after all, it was a fair
 fight," struck in Lord H., who had
 been looking over the newspapers on
 the table; "but if you talk of duelling,
 what do you say to this?"

"Another Dueling Tragedy in Paris."
 The notorious Prussian bully and duelist,
 Armand de Villeneuve, has just
 added another wreath to his blood-
 stained laurels, the new victim being
 Chevalier Henri de Polignac, a fine
 young fellow of twenty-three, the only
 son of a widowed mother. Some strong
 expressions of disgust were by the
 chevalier with reference to one of De

Villeneuve's former duels having come
 to the latter's ears, he sought out De
 Polignac and insulted him so grossly as
 to render a meeting inevitable. The
 chevalier having fired first and missed,
 De Villeneuve called out to him: "Look
 to the second buttonhole of your coat!"
 and sent a bullet through the spot in-
 dicated into the breast of his opponent,
 who expired half an hour later in great
 agony. His mother is said to be broken-
 hearted at his death. How much long-
 er, we wonder, will this savage be al-
 lowed to offer these human sacrifices to
 his own inordinate vanity?"

"Just then I happened to look up and
 saw the Quiet Man rise slowly from the
 chair with a face so changed that it
 startled me almost as much as if I had
 seen him disappear bodily, and another
 man rise up in his stead. I had once
 seen an oil painting abroad in which
 an ageing angel was hurling lightning-
 bolts at the wicked Solomon and Con-
 cordia, and that is just how that man looked
 at that moment. He glanced at his watch
 and then came across the room and
 went quickly out."

"The next night, and the next, and
 the next after that, the Quiet Man
 didn't appear at the club, and we all
 began to wonder what could have be-
 come of him. But when I came in on the
 fourth evening there he was, though
 he looked—as it seemed to me—
 rather paler and feebler than usual."

"Here's news for you, Fred," called
 out Charlie Thornton. "That rascally
 French duelist, De Villeneuve, has met
 his match at last; and Dr. Lansett, of
 the—of the—Bengal native infantry, who
 saw the whole affair, is just going to
 tell us all about it."

"Well, this is how it happened," be-
 gan the doctor. "In passing through
 Paris I stopped to visit my old friend,
 Col. De Malet, and he and I were stroll-
 ing through the Tuilleries gardens
 when suddenly a murmur ran through
 the crowd. 'Here comes De Villeneuve!'
 Then the throng parted, and I had just
 time to catch a glimpse of the bully's
 tall figure and long black mustache
 when a man stepped forth from the
 crowd and said something to him, and
 then suddenly dealt him a blow."

"Then there was a rush and clamor
 of voices and everybody came crowding
 round so that I couldn't see anything;
 but presently De Malet came up to me
 and said: 'Lansett, we shall want you
 in this affair, although I'm afraid that
 you won't have a chance of showing
 your surgery, for De Villeneuve never
 wounds without killing.'"

"Just then the crowd opened and I
 saw, to my amazement, that this man
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THE BOY BATTALION.

Why They Did Not End the Civil
War.

In those stirring days back in the six-
 ties the drums, flags and long lines of
 marching men took captive the hearts
 and fired the imagination of boys.
 Marbles, bats, tops and balls were ex-
 changed for military implements and
 trappings. Every urchin became a sol-
 dier; every squad of boys a company or
 battalion.

So eager were we, in our North Caro-
 lina neighborhood, to fill our ranks and
 onto the neighboring plantation, that
 all manner of recruits were gladly re-
 ceived and enlisted, including our ne-
 gro playfellows, and on a pinch even
 our sisters and girl cousins.

After a time we grew tired of drilling
 and longed for more stirring service.
 The men had gone to the front and our
 hearts had gone with them. Our motley
 company were disbanded one by one,
 and the more enterprising boys of
 the neighborhood began to discuss the
 advisability of a forced march to the
 seat of war.

To such a proceeding we were quite
 sure our mothers would object. But
 had they not, in some cases, opposed
 the enlistment of our fathers? We
 heard the loud cry on all sides, that it
 was every one's duty to do his utmost
 to end the war.

Just then we found in the garrets of
 our homes several long-forgotten lots
 of military accoutrements used by re-
 latives in the Mexican war, or in Mil-
 lissia drills. But still the bull kept
 watch for us. By and by a thunder-
 storm arose and made matters much
 worse.

Accompanied by blinding flashes of
 lightning that seemed to play around
 our very heads, and deafening thunder-
 peals, the rain fell in such torrents that
 to sleep, we were all on hand before
 the day broke, and the boy battalion
 was formed. We wore huge light-horse
 helmets, made of leather, decked with
 trailing horsehair and shaped like the
 helmet of Alexander the Great, beside
 cutaway coats radiant with buff trim-
 mings and brass buttons. The coat
 sleeves were rolled up so that we might
 have the use of our hands, and the
 lining of the helmets leaves were
 stuffed to keep them from dropping
 down over our faces.

We had an armament that we felt
 must be decisive. Indeed, we wondered
 how our elders could have overlooked
 such irresistible weapons; and we
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 guns to see if they were all loaded, and
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 had no uniforms or weapons, I shouted
 the command:

"Shoulder 'r arms! Forward march!"
 We trudged bravely forward. As
 soon as the friendly screen of the woods
 was reached the command was halted,
 or rather it halted itself, in order that
 a line of march might be agreed upon,
 and another French officer acting for
 De Villeneuve.

"As a rule, De Villeneuve was as
 cool on the ground as if he had been at
 a picnic, but at this time he was as
 wild and fierce as a tiger, partly, no
 doubt, from having been insulted be-
 fore so many of his admirers, but also
 because he had found out that the
 stranger was an Englishman, and he
 hated everything English like poison.

More terrible than all his fury was
 the cold, stern, pitiless calmness of the
 Englishman's face, as if he felt certain
 of his man."

"They fought for some time without a
 scratch on either side, and then sud-
 denly the Englishman stumbled for-
 ward, exposing his left side. Quick as
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 darted in, and instantly the other's
 shirt was all crimson with blood, but
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 might, and buried his sword up to the
 hilt in De Villeneuve's body. Then I
 understood what he had deliberately
 laid himself open to his opponent's
 weapon in order to make sure of killing
 him; so he had, for De Villeneuve never
 spoke again."

"Just as the doctor said this, down
 fell a chair with a great crash, and
 looking up we saw the Quiet Man try-
 ing to slip past us to the door. Dr.
 Lansett sprang up and caught him by
 both hands."

"You here? he cried. 'Let me con-
 gratulate you upon having punished, as
 he deserved, the most cold-hearted cut-
 throat in existence. I trust your
 wound does not pain you much?'"

"What? we all shouted, 'was it he
 who killed De Villeneuve?'"

"Indeed it was," answered the doc-
 tor, "and it was the luckiest thing I
 ever saw."

"We all jumped from our chairs and
 came crowding around the hero, setting
 up a cheer that made the air ring, but
 he looked at us so sadly and darily that
 it made the shout die upon our lips."

"Ah, ladies! said he, in a tone
 of deep dejection, 'for heaven's sake
 don't praise a man for having shed
 blood and destroyed life. I killed that
 ruffian as I would have killed a wild
 beast, to save those whom he would
 have slaughtered; but God help the
 man who shall take a human life
 merely to gratify his own pride and
 anger! If you wish to know what hap-
 piness a successful duelist enjoys, look
 at me. Do you remember that story
 which Capt. Thornton told here the
 other night about the duel in which
 Col. Fortescue, the 'famous duelist,'
 was called him, killed Sir Henry
 Martingale?'"

"To be sure," answered Charlie
 Thornton, looking rather scared; "but
 what of it?"

"I was once Col. Fortescue," was
 the answer—"Saturday Review and Re-
 public."

Long Has She Reigned.

Queen Victoria has now passed the
 record of Henry III., who ruled fifty-
 six years and twenty-nine days, and
 has reigned longer than any English
 sovereign save George III., who ruled
 from October 25, 1760, to January 29,
 1820, a period of fifty-nine years,
 and seven days; and may she live to
 equal that.

Coughing Leads to Consumption.

Kemp's Balsam stops the cough at once.

As each party at once set about put-
 ting his theory on this point into
 practice, the company was soon back at
 the summit of the hill. Here we had an open
 space at our front, and what seemed
 just then still more important, an open
 one in our rear, with a line of retreat
 downhill.

The rustling of leaves and snapping
 of twigs swept nearer and nearer. The
 edge of the wood was reached. The
 outmost fringe of bushes was now
 before us.

I have a confused recollection of a
 roar, and of wildly flying earth and
 leaves, and still more wildly flying hel-
 mets and cutaway coats. Then I found
 myself astride a persimmon limb a safe
 distance from the ground, which was
 held by a raving bull. The animal was
 dividing his attention between my tree
 and the three others that held the re-
 mainder of the party.

"Ain't! Fire!" I shouted as soon as I
 took in the situation.

No response came. I repeated the
 command still louder and more per-
 emptorily, and continued to do so until,
 having at some risk wriggled myself
 around on the limb so as to face the
 bull, I found that the reason why
 my soldiers did not fire was that they
 had nothing to fire.

The armament of the battalion was
 in the hands, or rather under the feet,
 of the bull. I reached for my sword only
 to find it also missing.

The bull took his stand under the
 tree. The afternoon stretched out into
 an interminable expanse of time. My
 persimmon branch became intensely
 uncomfortable, but still the bull kept
 watch for us. By and by a thunder-
 storm arose and made matters much
 worse.

Accompanied by blinding flashes of
 lightning that seemed to play around
 our very heads, and deafening thunder-
 peals, the rain fell in such torrents that
 to sleep, we were all on hand before
 the day broke, and the boy battalion
 was formed. We wore huge light-horse
 helmets, made of leather, decked with
 trailing horsehair and shaped like the
 helmet of Alexander the Great, beside
 cutaway coats radiant with buff trim-
 mings and brass buttons. The coat
 sleeves were rolled up so that we might
 have the use of our hands, and the
 lining of the helmets leaves were
 stuffed to keep them from dropping
 down over our faces.

We had an armament that we felt
 must be decisive. Indeed, we wondered
 how our elders could have overlooked
 such irresistible weapons; and we
 counted on our most fortunate of being
 in having discovered them.

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 thority than Uncle Primus, the car-
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MAINE'S 2.30 LIST FOR 1893.

the following base practices and extravagances. The breeding of good horses is as safe a business as any, but like all others it has its ups and downs. Just now everybody is curtailing, and the horses are counted among the luxuries. As times change they will again take their places as necessities, and prices will advance. Present prices are but the indication of a general rather than specific state of the market.

HENS WITHOUT MALES.

eous mixture and was fed so soon as warm weather began, with the expectation that it might assist rapid and early molting, which it probably did, as most of the fowls had new feathers by September. The average per cent. of moisture in each food was mixture No. 1, 12.9 per cent., No. 2, 10.5 per cent., wheat 10.0 per cent., corn silage 70.0 per cent., alfalfa forage 78.2 per cent., and fresh

The Food per Day:

pens by themselves until February. More chicks, and larger, stronger ones will follow than can be possible if the males run with the flocks all winter.

Put the egg shells in the stove rather than feed back to the hens. While they may aid in making fresh shells, they surely provoke the bad habit of egg-eating. It's poor economy to put temptation in the way of man or beast.

KEEPS YOUR CHICKENS
Strong and Healthy; Prevents all Disease,
Good for Moulting Hens.

absolutely pure. Highly concentrated. In quan-
tities tens of a cent a year. No other kind is like this.

NOTHING ON EARTH
WILL
MAKE HENS LAY
AS **SHERIDAN'S**
CONDITION POWDER

you can't get it send to us. Ask first.
Price for 25 cts. Five \$1. Large 1 lb. tin ask \$1.50. Six,
\$2.00. Twelve \$3.00. One Pounder \$2.00. Free
Postage one year (twice size) and larger can \$1.50.
J. H. JOHNSON & CO., 22 Custom House St., Boston, Mass.

TRAZER AXE
Best in the World!
Get the Genuine!
Sold Everywhere!

GOTSWOLD BUCKS.

Thave a lot of large square Buck L
Ewe Lamb and Yearling Ewes for sale
which will be recorded. Prices low,
will sell my imported English Buck C
No. 4760 after Oct. 15. Write for p
or call and see my stock.

OSCAR SHURLEY
Houlton, Maine.

ASSOCIATED SAVINGS BANK.
ORGANIZED IN 1848.

Assets, Nov. 1, 1897, \$5,855,982.00. Surplus, \$450,000.

Trustees—Wm. S. Badger, Artemus Libbey, J. H. Manley, J. C. Cornish, Lendall Titcomb.

Deposits received and placed on interest the first day of every month.

Interest paid or credited in account on the first Wednesday of February and August.

Deposits are exempt by law from all taxes, and accounts are strictly confidential.

Special privileges afforded to Executors, Administrators, Guardians, Trustees, married women and minors.

EDWIN C. DUDLEY, Treasurer.

